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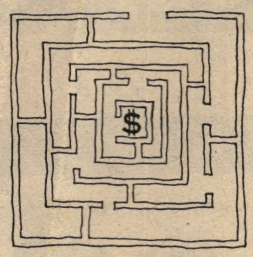

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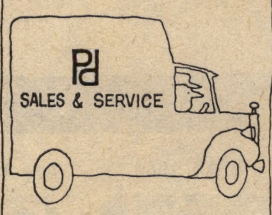

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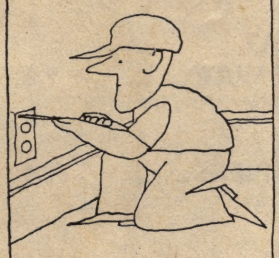

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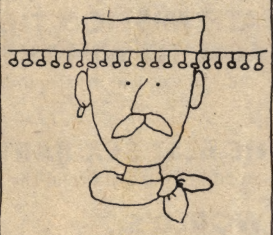

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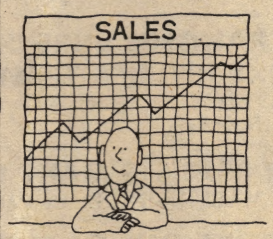

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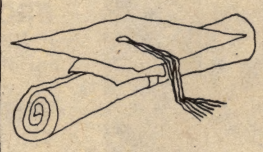

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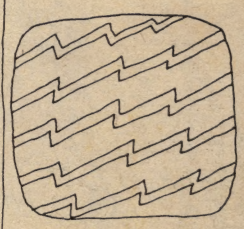

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Volume 12, Number 11 MAY 1969

The Action Magazine for MEN

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"It's amazing the set up you get in the accident investigation field."

MEN URGENTLY NEEDED! NO SELLING!

BIG PAY, NEW CAR, PLUS EXPENSES

"I received a good starting salary, a new car, credit cards, expense account and insurance. It's amazing the set up you get in the Accident Investigation field."

Those are the words of a recent Universal Schools' graduate who went to work as a staff investigator for an insurance company. Before stepping into this remarkable field of opportunity, he worked in a factory. He had no experience in Accident Investigation, no college degree.

Yet, he made the jump from plant worker to professional man in a surprisingly short time with the training and help of Universal Schools. There are hundreds of such personal success stories in the files of Universal because . . .

Men Are Urgently Needed

The Accident Investigation field is booming now—everywhere—and getting bigger every day. Here's why: Before this day ends, there will be more than 440,000 accidents and losses of all kinds in all parts of this country and Canada. **And that happens every day!** These accidents must be investigated, reported, settled by trained men. Is it any wonder that more and more men are needed now to handle this tremendous work load?

Approved For Veterans' Training

FREE PLACEMENT SERVICE

Universal Schools provides prompt, effective job placement help in any part of the United States and Canada. More than 1,000 companies have requested and receive our monthly list of graduates. Universal trains and places more men in the Accident Investigation field than any other school. Or, if you would prefer to start your own full or part time business, we will show you exactly how to do it.

Here Is Solid Security And Exciting Variety

Every year the accident rate goes higher as population increases. Just imagine what the daily accident and loss rate will be in 10 . . . 15 . . . 20 years when our population has increased by millions upon millions of people.

And that means security, **solid security**, for the man who trains now for Accident Investigation. He can look ahead to years of steady, exciting, growing opportunity with no fear of lay off, automation or recession. Good times or bad, accidents and losses will keep right on happening and trained men will be working to keep up with the demand.

3 Career Choices Open To Men Everywhere

1. Company Staff Investigator: As a full time company Investigator, you typically receive top starting pay, a new car, expenses, and free insurance program. **Pay and benefits can equal up to $9,000 a year to start!** Salary reviews and chances for advancement are frequent in this fast-moving business.

2. Work Spare Time: Many Universal graduates keep their full time jobs and earn an extra paycheck every week by taking spare time assignments. Spare time earnings can easily range from $200 to $400 a month and more, plus expenses paid!

3. Be Your Own Boss: Start your own Independent Accident Investigation business in your own home at virtually no cost. Earn up to $1,000 a month and more clear. Some Universal graduates make up to $8 an hour in their own businesses.

Free Book Tells How You Can Qualify

For many years Universal Schools has specialized in training inexperienced men of only average education to step into excellent positions in Accident Investigation. Successful graduates range in age from 20 to 55. Hundreds of Universal trained men are at work right now in all parts of the United States and Canada, enjoying fine incomes, security and prestige in Accident Investigation.

Free and without obligation of any kind, we will send you a book outlining your opportunities in this field. No salesman will call on you. We will show you what Universal has done for others; what we can do for you. We will show you how you can train in your own home, at your own pace, at amazingly low cost. No need to change or switch jobs. We will give you actual names and locations of successful Universal graduates in all sections of the United States and Canada. You read, you consider, you decide in privacy. You have nothing to lose.

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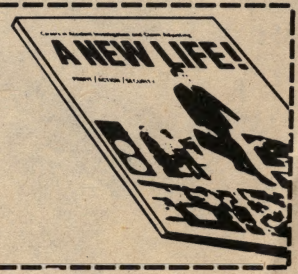


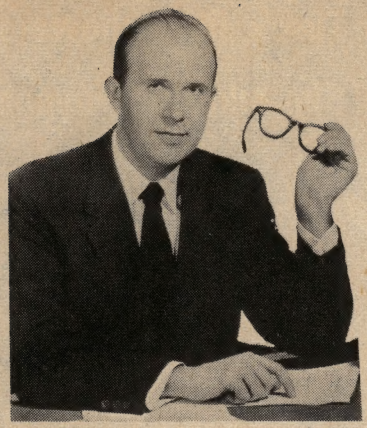
Reminiscent of Chicago riots (above): When British students balked at order to disband demonstration at Rhodesian embassy, bobbies reacted accordingly. Saigon (right): Terrorist bomb thrown into auto killed two, wounded four.

THE VIOLENT WORLD

Riots, rape, bombings and mass murder! Each day a new terror erupts like an A-bomb in every corner of the globe. It doesn't stop. It won't ever stop. Society's defense — the men dedicated to the badge!

Mad bomber in Ottawa: Dynamite charges were taken from three mail boxes—luckily, before any of them went off.

Kill! Kill! Kill! Westerville, N.Y. man went on rampage slaying four, wounding four and then took his own life.



Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education.

Shamed by your English?

You can soon speak and write like a college graduate if you let me help you for 15 minutes a day.

LET'S BE FRANK

If you've ever been shamed by a mistake in English, maybe I can save you from years of disappointment.

You see, none of us will ever go any farther than our ability to speak and write will let us go.

I have met countless numbers of intelligent men and women who are being held back in their jobs and social lives—often without knowing it—because they couldn't express themselves fully and easily.

What About You?

Could *you* get ahead faster with a command of good English? Just ask yourself these questions:

Even with all your ability and ambition, how long has it been since you had a promotion?

Even with all you have to offer, when people get together at work or at parties, are you the one they listen to?

Be Honest with Yourself

If people are not impressed by the way you speak and write—and, if you're honest enough with yourself to admit it—you have already taken the first big step to success.

The Next Step Is Easy

You can master good English *without going back to school.* Over the years I have helped thousands of men and women to stop making embarrassing mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, and become interesting conversationalists—*right in their own homes.*

Here's What to Do

I can help you, too, if you will give 15 minutes a day to the Career Institute Method of mastering good English. My answers to the following questions will show you how quickly and easily you can stop being ashamed of your English, and *do* something about getting ahead.

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

Answer It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

Question *Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?*

Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question *Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, gain a colorful vocabulary, write clearly and well, and discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *How do I know it works?*

Answer There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question *How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells how you can master good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card or letter today to Career Institute, Dept. 204-86, Mundelein, Illinois 60060. No salesman will call.

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Please mail to me, without obligation, a free copy of your 32-page booklet, HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH.

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This smart wing tip slipon by Italian designers is made of simulated Alligator Grain all around, with rich, soft suede leather at the forepart. The grained strip across the front adds extra smartness to your steps.

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3429 Blue
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3360 Ocean Blue
3361 Oyster White

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Two for $22.95

Short Sleeve Double Knit

This handsome California creation has the look of a turtle neck sweater under a smart knitted sport shirt. But, it's a one piece garment made of a wonderful feeling fabric . . . Durene knit bonded 90% tufted acetate, 10% Nylon. Sizes S, M, L, XL.

S275 Blue S276 White

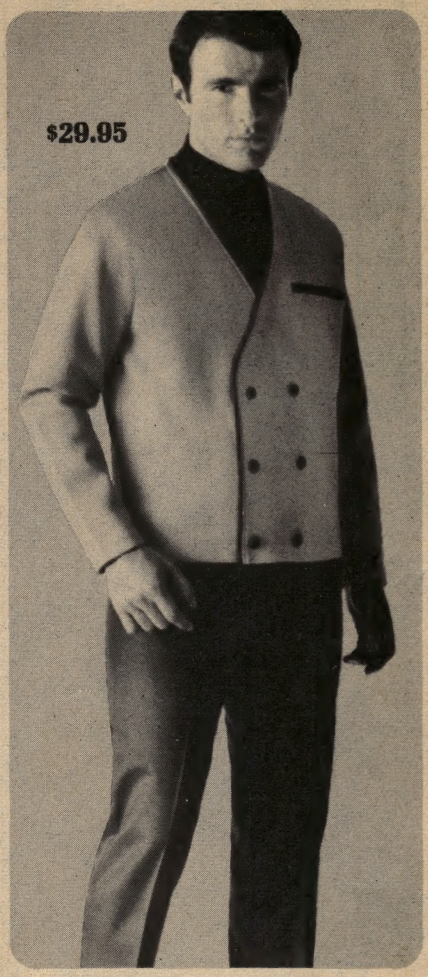
Lustrous Knit Turtle Necks **$10.95**

They look great and feel so soft . . . full turtle neck shirts of 60% rayon and 40% cotton. Smart French cuffs add a dressy touch to this silky jersey. Perfect for casual wear. Sizes S, M, L, XL.

S310 White S311 Gold S312 Sky Blue
S313 Black S349 Brown S350 Royal Blue
S351 Kelly Green

Pin-Stripe Bell Bottoms **$15.95**

Handsome new look in dress pants. Striking satin pin-stripe trousers with 22″ wide bell bottoms. Comes with western pockets and a high-rise waistband with a 3-button extension side closing. Made of 55% Dacron Polyester, 37% Rayon and 8% imported mohair. For finished bottoms on pants, add $1.00 and give inseam measure. Sizes 27 to 36 waist. P40 Plum P41 Black P42 White P43 Royal Blue P44 Kelly Green



$29.95

The Two-tone Knit Top Walking Suit

This dashing new suit is really what's happening. The smart double breasted knit shirt, of 100% acetate, has a black knitted moc turtle neck, and is trimmed with a contrasting darker color. The slacks are of a blend of rayon and acetate and match the trim of the shirt. It gives an exciting two-tone effect. For finished slack bottoms, add $1.00 and give inseam measure. Slack waist sizes: 27-36. Shirt sizes: S, M, L, XL.

A324 Lavender-Plum A325 Gold-Rust
A326 Light Blue-Royal Blue

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To order, simply pick your styles and mail check or money order for the amount — we pay the postage. For C.O.D. shipment, send $2.00 deposit for EACH item — you pay the postage. Your satisfaction is GUARANTEED . . . any item may be returned unworn for full refund. No C.O.D. to APO, FPO

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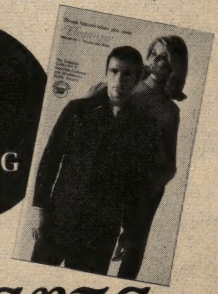

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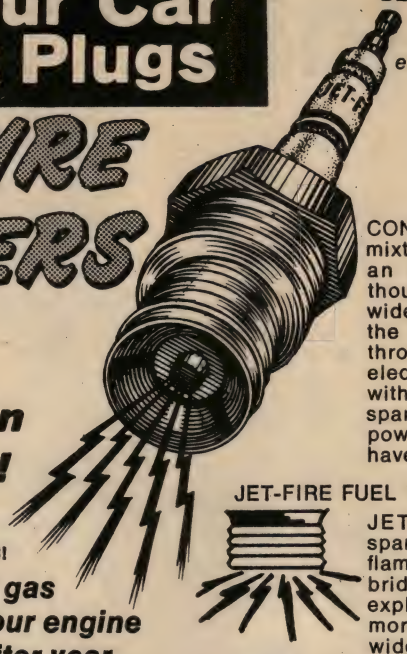

THE IMPORTANT DIFFERENCES BETWEEN ORDINARY SPARK PLUGS AND JET-FIRE FUEL IGNITERS

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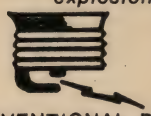

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JET-FIRE FUEL IGNITER *WIDE SWATH OF FLAME*

JET-FIRE FUEL IGNITERS use no sparks. Instead a fanning swath of flame walks across a semi-conductor bridge from one electrode to another, exploding far more fuel, getting far more power. There is no gap that can widen, and carbon deposits actually improve performance. They do not have to be adjusted or replaced—*ever!*

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Spark plugs are obsolete! Now there's a far better way to run your car.

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Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters look like spark plugs merely because they have to be screwed into the spark plug socket. But what they do is far different. Here's how to prove it:

1. **Run your car till it's fully warmed up.**
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5. **Now see how fast your car rolls at idling speed. You can expect it to go 4 TO 6 MILES PER HOUR FASTER without touching the gas pedal—dramatic proof that Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters increase engine RPMs by 100 to 150 with no increase in gas consumption. (At high speeds, RPMs increase by 300 to 350.)**

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THE RANGERS SURE DEATH MISSION THAT BROKE HITLER'S TIMETABLE TO WIN THE WAR

by JOHN TEDEK

■ One man parachuted into a tree . . .

Another fell among some boulders on the cliff edge, fought a losing tug of war with his wind-filled 'chute and went over, shrouded in white nylon.

A third, seeing he too would drift over the edge before he touched down, tried to spill air from his umbrella. He dropped the last 50 feet like a stone, and broke his back . . .

Two other plane-loads of para-Rangers didn't drop at all. In fact, they never even appeared at the rendezvous point.

Captain Jess Meyers of Saranac Lake, N.Y., the leader of "Operation No-name" landed safely in the midget drop zone. He slammed the breakaway harness buckle so his chute would be free to blow away, and looked about. Several familiar forms in snow camouflage dress were tumbling down and grouping around him. One was Private Jean Danneville bearing the most un-GI weapon ever seen: a blue and white bamboo vaulting pole.

The men took defense positions among rocks and pine trees. Meyers bellowed for a count, a recital of names. Eighteen sounded off.

Sergeant Otis Bateman of Albany, Georgia, mumbled that 18 men would not be enough to do the job at hand, considering there were supposed to be 75. That included the two plane-loads that didn't arrive. A foul-up. "What does the captain propose to do?"

"Propose?" asked Meyers after a pause. "I propose we do what we came for. True, we're only one-fourth as many as we should be, but that only means we'll have to work at it four times as hard."

THE 75 WERE men of "B" Company, First para-Ranger Battalion, pushing northward toward Rome that cold winter of 1944. On February 1, "B for Bust-'em-up" as they called themselves, were pulled from the assault brigade preparing to breach the Gothic Line, and put aboard busses for Calabria in the south, for no apparent good reason.

As they rode through gloomy cold for a day and a night, someone speculated that they were going to be handed medals in recognition of their

successful storming of Hill 197 a few days earlier, a strong German redoubt in German Marshal Kesselring's south-of-Rome defenses.

The jokester was partially correct. "B for Bust-'em-Up" was called to Calabria in recognition of this past performance, but they received no medals. They were handed another mission instead.

Without going into too many background details, an intelligence officer, Colonel Bruce Batchelor, outlined their job: (1) Parachute into the Appennine Mountains 150 miles north of Rome onto a flat square of land only a little wider than the wingspan of one of the C-47s carrying them. (It should be noted that everything north of Rome was Fascist); (2) Proceed unobserved to Villa Schiano at Montemarco situated on Lake Dolce. Villa Schiano was a house surrounded by walls resembling a Beau Geste fort, built in 1403 by some obscure Borgia cousin; (3) Take from Villa Schiano's 50 German SS guards a certain man being held in an iron-lined powder magazine that had a time-lock door; and last, (4) Either deliver him to the Allies by escape means already mapped out, or shoot him.

Colonel Batchelor added that "B for Bust-'em-Up" had been put together because its men had certain gifts which best suited them for this "Operation No-Name."

"Why is it called No-Name?" someone asked.

"Because we won't tell you who he is," the colonel said.

The colonel declined further comment except to say No-Name's name was famous in a certain field, and the fact that the Germans had him meant one thing: the Allies were in trouble. The man was outspokenly anti-Nazi, and had been hiding for two years. But recently he had been found by the SS, working under an alias as a carpenter in the German Todt labor organization in Rome, and living with a mistress.

Colonel Batchelor continued: "The less you know, the less the Germans will learn about what we know when they grab you by the short hair." He paused on that one. "Yes, it's a possibility, if they capture you. Just remember, though, if you *don't* get Mr. No-Name, they'll twist *his* short hair too, until he gives them the thing only he can. And if he does *that,* the Wehrmacht might be able to rub our noses back into the sea. Poof goes the invasion, when it comes . . . ."

In closing, he added, "Also keep in mind that you have to grab your Mr. No-Name and have him wrapped for delivery by Thursday noon. You've got three days. Any other comments?"

"Only that I've suddenly got the feeling you're asking us to deliver a package we can't even unwrap," Meyers said.

"True; there's only one thing I can say."

"And that is?"

"For everyone's sake, you'd better not lose your package, captain."

The paradrop went off on schedule, but went off badly. The other two planes, for reasons Meyers was to learn later, never rendezvoused. And of the 25 "B for Bust-'em-Up" men aboard the C-47 that did, only 18 reached the drop zone.

But 18 men more suited for storming a well-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

A 'copter, appearing out of nowhere, picked up the rocket expert precisely according to the prearranged timetable.

Capt. Myers and his 18-man Ranger team cut across the open terrain while machineguns chopped up dirt at their feet.

defended villa in the Appennine Mountains couldn't have been found in the U.S. Army. Captain Meyers, for instance, might still be recalled by some readers. He was a runner-up in the 1938 world ski-jump finals at Lake Placid.

PRIVATE JEAN DANNEVILLE, with the blue and white vaulting pole borrowed for the occasion from a Calabria gym, had been a top decathlon man at Syracuse University.

Sergeant Otis Bateman was good enough with the balky M-1 Garand rifle to hit a bullseye three times at 100 yards and leave only one hole.

Corporal Pat Danziger of San Francisco (and for a while, San Quentin) knew how to open any lock with keys, explosives, or his fingers.

Private Roland Brewer, a former ministry student from Philadelphia, had hobbied in electronics, was able to coax any radio to work, no matter how sick, and was the only Yale Divinity School freshman who really knew what Einstein mean by MC^2.

Each possessed some skill, or, at least, brute stamina; each was intelligent, a maverick; and all including Meyers had been "discipline problems" because they refused to surrender individuality to the mass war effort. For these reasons, all had been recruited from other units to the Rangers. As general policy, the Ranger command sought out such men. The Rangers required an ingenuity and ability to work in small groups. Traditional close-order drill, mass formation soldiering was left to the regular infantry.

Snow swirled down. "On with the camouflage parkas," Meyers said, and started climbing rocks toward Lake Dolce. To guide them, he had only an aerial survey map, a floor plan of Villa Schiano dated 1692 from the British Museum, and a ten-year-old studio photo of a Byronesque youth known only as Mr. No-Name.

VILLA SCHIANO was but ten miles from the DZ, a mere three-hour trip at a leisurely pace—for a crow or mountain goat. For the 18 of "B for Bust-'em-Up" the ten miles might as well have been a thousand.

For one reason, appearance of an American aircraft so far north of the fighting stirred up local German and Italian garrisons, or at least something had stirred them. The twisting Appennine highways were busy. Half-tracks and motorcycles seemed to come around every torturous turn. And by the way the riders inspected the terrain, it was apparent they were not out on routine look-see. Frequent hiding became necessary.

For another reason, there was terrain itself. Meyers saw readily after one day of climbing icy rock formations and counting progress in mere yards per hour, why such a small drop zone had been chosen for the parachuting. In this land of peaks, pines and snow, it was the largest one to be found.

Atop one cliff, all lay panting and sweating, despite 20-degree temperatures. Sergeant Bateman said, "Yew-all know something, Cap? We caint make this trip by Thursday."

"Bateman, you unschooled redneck," Meyers said, "How many times have I told you there's no such word in the English language as 'caint?' "

But indeed, Bateman was almost proven correct.

It was 8:30 a.m. of the third day, the critical Thursday, before they reached the objective. There were only 3½ hours to scout the job, plan it, and execute it. Meyers didn't like it.

With a sense of rushing too fast, he shifted his Thompson gun to his back, flopped into a snowbank, and reconnoitered with field glasses.

More misery. What came into focus looked impossible.

Colonel Batchelor had described the place well, as a Beau Geste fort. It was a bulky stone block, with heavy, castellated parapets about 15 feet high, with a turret at each corner, giving the villa a gloomy, topheavy profile. The only concession its Borgia builder had granted to Italian grace were marble angels and curving urns set among hedge rows at the base of the walls.

In each turret was a machine gun. At the gunports on the walls, he espied German forage caps, which men were on watch.

He searched out additional machine gun and mortar pits on the grounds outside the wall, among the hedges and angels. He saw none, but assumed they were there, well hidden. Had he himself been the German commander, *he* would have defenses there.

But the thing that bothered him most was something not mentioned in the briefing at Calabria. Villa Schiano was on elevated ground, a difficult-to-climb table offland, commanding a good view of every possible approach. He cursed all intelligence colonels. Batchelor should have anticipated this. So should Meyers himself. Most villas built by Borgia cousins were built on high ground for better defense during frequent sieges by other Borgia cousins.

There was but one way up, a narrow, stone stairway, purposely made twisting and difficult for the attackers of 1403. It remained difficult for the attackers of February 1944. Meyers felt ill. He checked the time. Nine a.m. Three hours to go.

"Well, he sighed, crawling back to the others huddling like white mounds among some pines, "there's only one way to go up those steps to the villa."

"How's that?" asked Private Brewer, the unfulfilled parson.

"Not go up them at all. If they're not boobied, they covered by an MG or mortar somewhere. Agreed?"

"Agreed," several said. "But how up, then?"

"It's nine-ten. Time to go," he said. "You just stick with old circus acrobat Cap Meyers, and he'll show you. . . . Seriously, I think it's the only way. I pray it is. Good luck."

They stripped themselves of bedding, rations, everything but white-hooded uniforms, and weapons, which were many: Thompson guns, silent-firing Sten guns borrowed from British commandoes, grenades hanging from pack harnesses, Bowie knives strapped to legs, or sheathed in jump-boot tops, .45 Colt and Italian Beretta automatics in snug shoulder holsters, odd brass knuckles and blackjacks. Also, they carried ropes, grapples and crowbars for breaching the walls. And in addition, Private Danneville still had his jump pole.

They crawled from the pines, two by two, and bellied from rock to rock to the base of the raised land table, atop which their man and 50 of their enemy waited.

The particular part of the table chosen by Meyers was the steepest and highest. "But," he whispered, "it's also the blindest for them, so therefore, safest for us. It's so steep, no one'll know we're even here till we're there."

"Only one thing, Cap." Bateman was puzzled. "How do we get to *there?*" He was pointing to almost 60 feet of seemingly straight-up rocks with no grips or footholds below 15 feet.

"Well," Meyers whispered, "First we make a human pyramid, then—Hell, there isn't time to explain. Just do it and get ready to follow me."

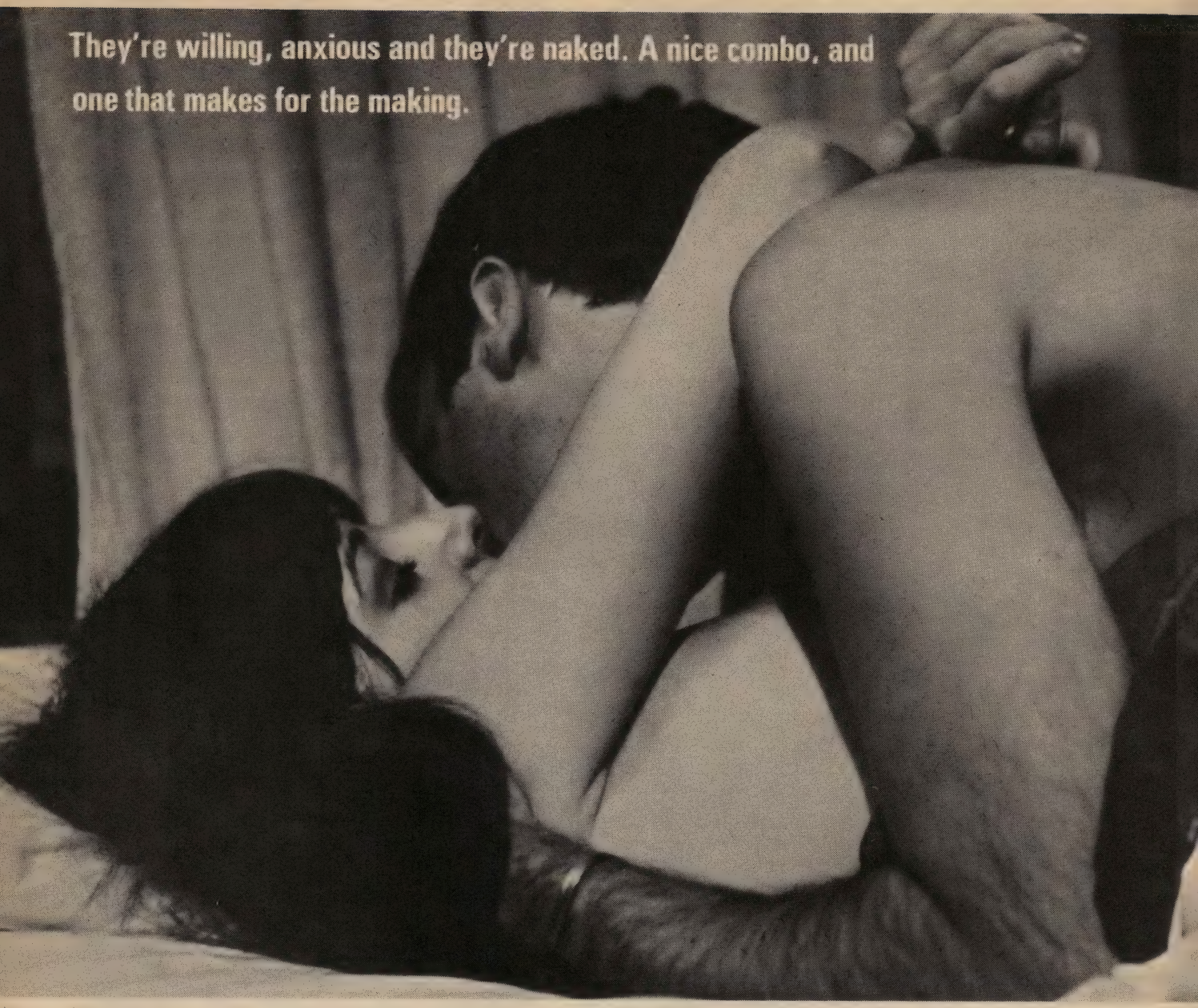
The idea captured the fancy of the others. They formed up. Meyers loped up the stairway made of backs, and without stopping, launched himself upward from the top man and clawed at a rock. From there, it was another leap to a scrub pine growing straight out before it grew up. Then a climb along the trunk to a ledge, another leap to another rock, a short last climb during which he scraped the knees from his jump pants, and finally, the table top.

The first German who saw him there was a corporal huddling in the winter furs of the *Waffen SS,* sitting on the knee of one of the marble angels and smoking. So surprised was he to see a man draped in ropes and weapons climbing over the edge, he sat and blinked a moment, his cigarette still in his mouth. A moment was all Meyers needed to punch his cigarette and teeth down his throat.

But during that moment, other Germans

(Continued on page 60)

The old citadel that was a German stronghold during the war, and where the mysterious "Mr. No Name" was held prisoner—is today a tourist attraction.



They're willing, anxious and they're naked. A nice combo, and one that makes for the making.

WHY NUDISTS MAKE THE BEST SEX PARTNERS

Within one hour after checking in at the nudist camp, this bachelor found himself sacked out and making out in a friendly lass' cabin.

by **AMOS MARTINGGALE**

THEY SAY that looks can be deceiving. But of course, that usually depends on what you're looking for . . . and what you're looking at. And if, like most guys, your ultimate objective is sex and the enjoyment thereof, then you just can't help developing some mental picture of what the object of your affections is going to look like, usually with her clothes off.

Now get it out of your head that she's going to look the least bit different in a nudist camp than she will anywhere else. Within limits, all dames look alike, more or less. But by and large, whether she's a raving beauty, or just another girl, you'll get more fun, pleasure and downright satisfaction out of the dame you find at a nudist camp than you will out of 99% of the rest.

I'm not just giving an unsupported opinion. I've checked, personally, as well as consulted scientific authority. I've questioned plenty of other fellows who have made comparative checks of their own. And it's absolutely true. Nudists, in general, make the finest type of sex partners. And that despite the fact that nudists work hard to give the impression that sex is the very last thing they think about. Most of the pictures they display show the girls—and the guys-disporting themselves about the volleyball court, or else happily sunbathing in the most sexless attitudes.

Actually, one thing has very little to do with the other. Nobody goes about doing nothing but sex twenty-four hours a day. And very few people—at least normal ones—enjoy posing for photographs of themselves in sex positions. In fact, most people, orgiasts excepted, prefer to take their sex in private, not in public.

Basically, what makes nudists exceptional sex partners is their total lack of inhibition. That's most important. Because inhibitions, more than anything else, limit human beings from giving their all in sex. Almost everyone has hangups of some kind. And for 99% of us, at least a few of those hangups are connected with sex. Before we can enjoy ourselves completely, we have to shed these hangups. Unfortunately, that's a lot easier said than done. It takes real effort.

Nudists make a good start simply by becoming nudists. And it's more than just taking off their own clothes. Just by commonly associating with others, they come to accept the sex organs as ordinary, everyday parts of the body. They can look at themselves and others without shame. They see nothing "dirty" or evil in them. They are merely parts of people, and useful, acceptable parts at that.

It follows almost immediately thereafter, that they come to accept these organs for what they are. The use is not only openly apparent,

(Continued on page 40)

"I Broke Out Of The World's Most Escape Proof Prison"

by ANONYMOUS

Man who escaped from Soviet slave camp (c) talks with reporter as his father waves with hat to unidentified persons.

BEING IN THE wrong place at the wrong time can be a terrible thing. I was visiting Berlin during the days of the uprising. Naturally I was interested. At a point so close to the action, it almost seemed that a miracle was taking place, that the East Berliners would actually succeed in overthrowing their Red overlords. So I walked over to the eastern zone—these were days before the wall—to see what was happening, to help the people celebrate their birth of freedom.

I was trapped by the sudden influx of Russian tanks and troops. The Reds didn't ask questions. They acted. They were totally uninterested in who or why. A prisoner was a prisoner. No explanation that I was not German concerned them. They spoke no English. I spoke no Russian. By the time I found someone who could understand me, it was too late.

As far as the Russians were concerned, the very fact that I hadn't been killed outright, was enough proof of their generosity. I was told that I ought to consider myself lucky to be alive. Anything else was out of the question. Even to admit they had me would be diplomatically embarassing.

I suppose I had a trial. They say I did. I don't know about that. I wasn't present. Under their law that made no difference. A lawyer had been appointed to defend me. They told me I had been sentenced to twenty-five years in a "Reconstruction and Rehabiliatation Center." To put it in everyday terms, I was sent to Siberia to serve my time. It was not expected that I would survive my term of imprisonment, which was fine from their point of view. Once dead, I could be forgotten, without their having the uncomfortable duty of executing me.

Escape was impossible. I was thousands of miles from any place civilized, surrounded by frozen, steppe, set off in a foreign country, and guarded

twenty-four hours a day. It was the very impossibility of the thing that even gave me the idea of trying it. For it's when things are the most impossible for a prisoner, that avenues of escape are most laxly controlled. If I'd been a Russian, they'd have had their eyes on me more closely. But I was just the stupid foreigner—stupid because of my obvious difficulty with the language and customs of the country—who, even if he did escape couldn't travel ten leagues without giving himself away.

What I needed more than anything else was time. To act prematurely, before I was fully prepared would be insane. I'd only get one chance and that had to be right.

It's not easy to wait. Patience is the most difficult thing a prisoner must learn. But every great, successful escape has required not days and months, but years of thought, planning and the willingness to wait until conditions are at their best—not just good—most situations come up often and trap the unwary into premature moves. Things must be exactly perfect—neither more nor less. Until then, I had to disguise my hopes.

I shan't go into a description of life in a slave camp. It's hell—total and absolute. Even survival is a moral victory. But conditions have been covered fully by numerous inmates. It's enough to say that I broke my heart doing some of the hardest and filthiest labor imaginable. Food—what there was of it—was abominable. And that was another trial. I had to watch, helplessly as my initial strength slowly but surely faded from me.

But I found a new strength—will power. And my muscles, from constant labor, grew tough and hard. I existed—but just.

And then, finally, some three years after my imprisonment, the opportunity came. I had only a few hours warning. But the moment I was certain, I knew that it was truly now or never.

In any successful escape, the most important factor is what to do when one is actually out of prison walls. And the geography of Asiatic Russia alone dicates what is possible, and what is not possible. For example, from where I was imprisoned, it was close to three thousand miles across the heart of Russian land to the border of Iran; it was more than twenty-five hundred miles to the eastern ocean at the Sea of Okhotsk; it was almost five thousand miles to the Polish border, and not much less than that to the sanctuary of my own Embassy in the city of Moscow. The most impossible route of all would lead me to the Arctic Ocean, about four hundred and fifty miles away. But the mere fact that it was utterly impossible, in addition to being the closest, made it attractive. Once I reached the water's edge, however where would I be? Except . . .

A look at the map shows a possible escape route. From the peninsula of Chenyuskin an archipelego of small islands runs in a huge arc toward Spitsbergen—a possession of Norway, These islands, though uninhabited, are occupied by isolated detachments of Soviet military personnel.

If I could reach the shore and if I could find a boat and if I could supply myself with sufficient food and water and if I could navigate and if I could keep the boat and myself seaworthy for voyages as long as 125 miles and if I could avoid detection, it was quite possible that I could make it. It was a longshot,

Making good his escape was only the beginning. Greater horrors awaited him in the frigid Siberian plains.

but it was within the realm of human accomplishment. And, if Captain Bligh and the loyal crew member of the Bounty could travel from Figi to Sumatra in an open boat—well if I wasn't fit enough to make it, I didn't deserve to live through it. The geography of the country was burned into my mind. I was ready to try.

And then came the news that the regiment guarding the northern sections of Siberia was about to be changed. For a matter of a week or more, while the old guardians retired and the new ones took up their posts, learned the country and the people, there was bound to be confusion.

On April 3rd, 1961, I went over the wall.

It wasn't nearly as difficult as you might think. It was still cold, 10 below on the centigrade scale—14 degrees fahrenheit. There was four feet of crusted snow on the ground. Men walking post expected nothing. I was quiet. The country itself was a sort of extra jailer.

IT WAS ABOUT 1 AM when I took off. Roll call was at five. I had four hours head start and I had to make the most of them. I'd be tracked, certainly, so I headed southwest, toward both central Siberia and European Russia. That would be logical to my pursuers. It was the way an escapee ought to go.

I had planned this part carefully. About a year before we had worked in this area. There was an abandoned farmstead, some fourteen miles from camp. I had carefully stashed a change of clothing. A road ran by the house. It would naturally be assumed that I would hide there and then take off down the road.

I halted briefly, changed clothing to get out of my prison garb and to get rid of the prison scent. That might confuse the tracking dogs. But then, after reaching the road and continuing down it for perhaps a mile, I cut off along the bank of an icy river and headed back north again. As far as I know, no one ever spotted my ruse.

Now, as to the supplies I had with me: I took about ten feet of twine, a knife and a box of matches. My clothing of course was designed for the climate. Even prisoners must be given arctic clothing if they are to be worked in northern Siberia.

About mid morning, I took refuge among some half bare bushes. I spotted some animal tracks, searched carefully and found a burrow. I set a noose and settled down to wait. Patience paid off. By nightfall I caught myself an arctic hare. I didn't dare set a fire, so I butchered it and ate it raw. I carefully saved the entrails as bait for future traps.

Describing my full, day by day adventures, would take a full sized novel. Just keeping alive was an adventure in itself. On the second day, I found a farmstead. There was a barn, some four hundred yards from the main house. Undisturbed snow showed that there was no regular visitation. I hid there for a full day, and for the first time since my escape, I got a good sleep. That, more than anything else, kept me going. There was food in the barn too, several slaughtered hogs. They were frozen solid. But with extreme care, I warned one, cut off several large chunks, and after eating my fill, packed several pounds to take along with me. It was the last human pre-

(Continued on page 44)

FOR THE PARTICULAR MAN

Most every fellow will agree that Jeannie Dew, taping 35-22-35, makes a pretty package for any occasion!

FOR THE PARTICULAR MAN

Jeannie works as a go-go dancer in Los Angeles. Her favorite pastimes are travel, painting and surfing!

The Death Secret Of The Naked Girls On The Caribbean Dancing

Gangland lords and jet set rich were the nameless guests on this secret hideaway; a paradise of orgies, unlimited pleasure and sin!

AGAINST the ominous background of leaden sea, a sleek, white, ocean-going yacht tugged urgently at her moorings. Impatient shouts and frightened cries mingled with the thunderous sound of the approaching Caribbean hurricane. Along the wind-lashed beach, small figures fled in panic to a waiting launch.

The girls, for so they were, were all of extraordinary beauty, dressed in grass skirts and skin-tight sarongs. A few barely covered their nakedness with incongrous fur wraps. Wild-eyed with fear, they had had little warning of the threatening disaster.

In the few minutes it took to make the trip, the sky turned black. Swells began cresting on the coral reefs, while white water swirled into the anchorage. As soon as the launch was hoisted aboard, the yacht's diesels fired, the anchor was raised and she headed for the mouth of the cove.

Too late. The channel outside was a chaos of breaking water. As the yacht nosed into it, she heeled over hard, pitched and staggered. She drove forward only to be hurled back. Broadside to the waves, her deckhouse split open like a peapod. Mountainous breakers pounded the boat back into the cove and drove her high ashore as the sea swallowed the beautiful writhing bodies that had been her cargo.

The hulk lies rusting there today, a gaunt memento of the horror that wiped out all trace of one of the most unusual resorts in the Caribbean, Huerata Cay. In homage to the startling diversions offered its clientele, it is still known as America's secret island of sin.

At one time or another, virtually every male dreams of going native on some tropic isle, where nubile maidens run laughing and beckoning beneath spreading palms, by an azure sea—a place where heady wines and soft music abound, and euphoria is rampant. It was the mission of the promoters of Huerata Cay to turn that vision into reality for a select few of the international sporting gentry whose checkbooks had the proper heft and whose prominence required the utmost discretion.

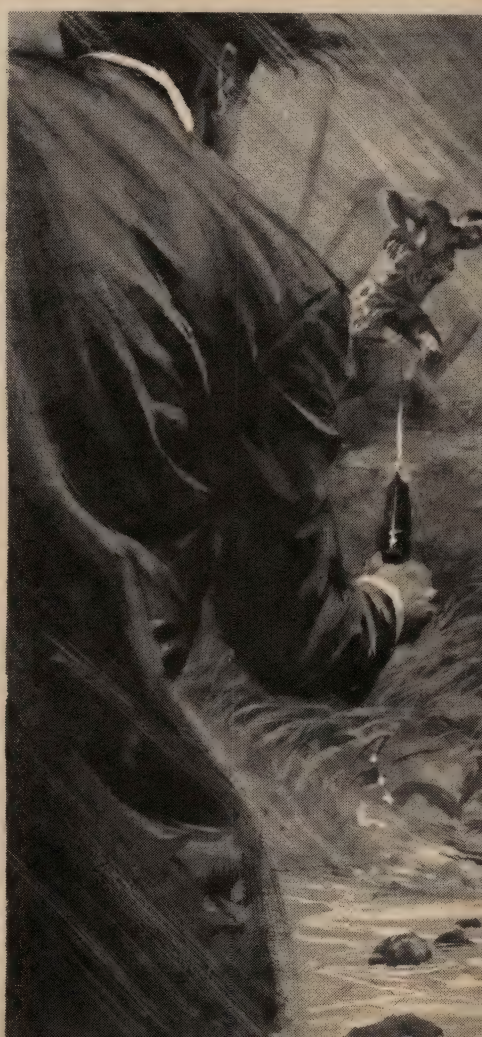
The story of Huerata Cay is one that has never been told mainly because too many reputations were involved and because today, it sounds more like fiction than fact. But such secrets can't be kept forever, and it is worth telling for the record.

Huerata Cay, or, as it was also known, the Isle of Bliss, was born with a silver spoon in its mouth. Some say the capital for the operation came from blackmarketeers, and some say it came from gangland elements in the U.S. who were seeking new investment opportunities. Money might have come from wealthy roues who wanted to combine good times with good business. Whatever the details, the operation lacked neither know-how nor funds, and the commodity offered was a sure-fire seller.

First sign of the new enterprise came in 1947, when the rotund, genial, little man with a sandy walrus mustache and an Oxford accent appeared in Nassau, capital of the Bahamas, and began asking about islands that might be for sale. He called himself Alexander Howard, and in the tightly knit society of the islands, it was not long before his mission was common knowledge. As Howard toured the out islands, seeking a suitable purchase, his movements were carried along the grapevine with the sensitive accuracy of a radar scope tracking an unidentified flying object. Howard was known to consort with personalities whose daytime occupations had been generally discounted as covers for more lucrative, secret dealings. One thing about Howard was clear—he had the money to buy whatever he wanted.

When his choice was finally made, most Islanders were surprised to find that they had difficulty in identifying the bit of coral and sand involved, and were even more surprised to find its national allegiance unclear. But nearly everyone greeted the purchase with satisfaction, on the assumption that any major undertaking would contribute to the prosperity of the island's economy. They were soon disillusioned. Instead of hiring native labor, Howard imported most of his help. The few local people who supplied materials or had other business on the little island found their extracurricular curiosity politely but firmly rebuffed. They reported from what little they had seen that the island was undergoing major development, but that the architecture was unlike anything known in the islands. It was generally concluded that something very unusual indeed was afoot.

(Continued on page 47)



"ISLAND OF BLISS"

by STROM HARLOW

EASY PICKUPS--

WOMEN WHO WANT STRANGERS IN THEIR BEDS

by NORTON McVICKERS

I SUPPOSE that every guy has run across it at leat once, a lot of fellows more than once. You meet some dame at a party, or maybe at a bar. You talk to her five minutes, ten minutes, maybe fifteen. And then, what do you know, she beats you to the punch. In practically so many words she's inviting you up to her pad for some action; she's propositioning you! Your first reaction is to get suspicious. You wonder if she's a prossie. Maybe you come right out and ask her how much? But she only laughs and tells you to stow it, that it's all on the house, strictly for kicks.

And it turns out to be exactly the way she said it. She's hotter than a two dollar pistol and twice as energetic. Now I'm not saying that she's necessarily the best piece of tail you ever had—though she may be. But she's almost certainly the easiest. And so maybe you begin to wonder what it was that you had on that particular night, what kind of line you were using that made it all so easy, or what you had for dinner that gave you the certain kind of glow you think she might have spotted.

The odds are you never came close to the truth. It had absolutely nothing to do with you at all. You were just there, convenient, available. It was strictly the babe that was different. Because she was one of a peculiar minority of women, the kind who get their kicks from making passionate love to a total stranger.

How many women are there like that? I don't know and neither does anyone else with any kind of accuracy. I've spoken to three so-called experts and each of them gave me a totally different figure. They ranged from one-half to seven and one-half percent of the adult female population. And that my friend takes in a variation that's literally in the millions. Personally, considering the fact that you can find them almost anywhere, I'd say the number is probably larger than you'd think.

But regardless of how many there are, the general type of woman can be described with pretty good accuracy. As a general rule she is over twenty-five, either married or formerly-married, in good health and except for her one quirk, leads what would otherwise be called a pretty average and blameless life. Her general sex life is normal and pretty regular; that is, she has either a husband, a regular boyfriend or a recornized lover. She's usually careful about herself and her grooming, and makes a pretty good appearance in company. In fact, most of the time you'd never recognize her for what she is. And that's what makes it so surprising to you when she suddenly reveals herself.

What is actually driving her is a

You meet this sort of babe in a bar, perhaps at a party. She looks nice and like any guy, you wonder how much fun she'd be in bed. Your surprise comes when she gives you a free invitation to find out!

basic, jungle-type of female drive. It is a true atavistic, that is primitive type of urge, the need that all primitive jungle creatures have to be taken on the run. Most civilized human beings have overcome this desire, because under socially developed habits it has become truly unnecessary. But deep down, under the surface, it still exists in all of us. It is this same drive that makes a man automatically desire every women he sees.

There are those who think that present day civilization has become so complex, so difficult to deal with that a great many human beings seek a refuge from its difficulties by going "back to nature." Men do it often in such activities as hunting and fishing. But women don't have those outlets. Even when they do, it does not have the same meaning as it does for the male. And so they resort to an even more primitive urge. They primp, pose and seduce every and any male that comes along, like so many baboons.

Of course the women tend to rationalize their behavior. They claim they are seeking new and different kicks. They say they are trying to make sure that aren't "missing anything" in the way of love thrills; or that there is something that gives them super-charged excitement out of knowing that they will be possessed by an unknown man.

Yet all of this is a subterfuge. They know, all of them, that they are not going to find anything different in their sudden sex adventures. In fact, talk at length with any of them and you will discover that their sex experiences in this category are likely to be below par when compared to that which they get from their regular lovers. But they continue to search anyway.

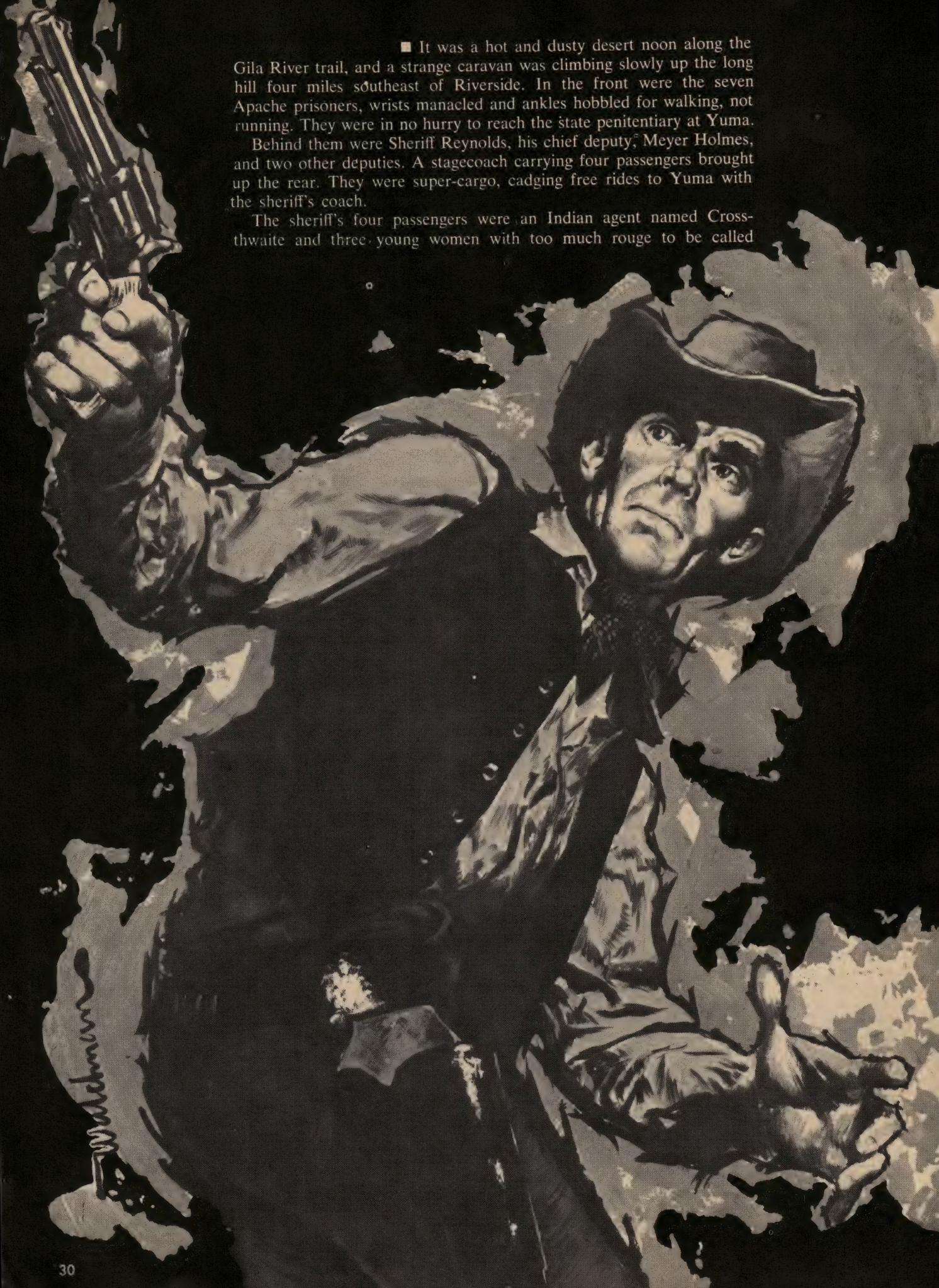
Take Christine for example. She's typical of the breed and also happens to be someone I know quite well. We've talked over the problem at length over many extended sessions. And she's been very frank in her statements.

"Sure, I know it stands to reason that I get the best kind of loving from my husband," she admits, "but this is something different. I see a man and he's a total stranger. And all of a sudden I get so excited I can't think straight. I begin to try to imagine what he's built like and what he'll feel like. And then I begin to wonder if he's thinking the same thing about me. And I've just got to find out. I know it's dangerous and that if I make a mistake I might get hurt. And that scares me. But the excitement is even bigger than the fright. Maybe he's the world's greatest lover and I'll be missing it all if I let him get away. So I go ahead and let him pick me up. It's easy really. And even as we get to talking I begin to lose concentration. I can feel myself perspiring inside. I can't wait anymore. So I cut him short and tell him to come on along. And by the time we get somewhere we can do it, I'm almost climaxing just from anticipation. I just don't think that it's possible to explain what it's like, it's all so wonderful. I know it's all in my mind, but I don't care."

AND WHEN I asked her if it was as good as she'd expected, she answered, "What's the difference afterwards. By then, it's over. He's not a stranger anymore. The whole

(Continued on page 50)

He struck up a conversation with her, bought her a drink. Ten minutes later, they were outside the bar and the blonde was giving him her apartment number.



■ It was a hot and dusty desert noon along the Gila River trail, and a strange caravan was climbing slowly up the long hill four miles southeast of Riverside. In the front were the seven Apache prisoners, wrists manacled and ankles hobbled for walking, not running. They were in no hurry to reach the state penitentiary at Yuma.

Behind them were Sheriff Reynolds, his chief deputy, Meyer Holmes, and two other deputies. A stagecoach carrying four passengers brought up the rear. They were super-cargo, cadging free rides to Yuma with the sheriff's coach.

The sheriff's four passengers were an Indian agent named Crossthwaite and three young women with too much rouge to be called

THE BLOOD VOW OF THE APACHE KID

by SAM GILLESPIE

One by one the renegade half-breed tracked them down, getting revenge with his knife. But he savored his last kill the most. For the white man's scalp he had taken was red — and he howled with pleasure to the moon!

ladies. The Indian agent went along with the Apache prisoners as Government representative.

The sheriff and his deputies kept a close watch on the Apaches as they slipped and clambered up the steep trail. The two teams of horses wheezed and sweated under the blazing sun.

One of the young women inside the coach called out, "Driver! Why don't you-all tie a rope onto them Injuns and let them help out these pore horses?"

"How about it, Sheriff?" the driver relayed the idea.

Grabbing the lead team, Sheriff Reynolds halted the horses, saying, "Tell that hussy she's right smart!" And to his deputies, "Run a long line from the wagon tongue. Tie knots in it for handholds. Git them redskins workin'!"

The deputies did as they were told, stringing a rope from the end of the wagon tongue, uphill through the double file of Indians.

The three young women were peering interestedly out of the coach windows, the Indian agent was watching with the bored look of a man used to other men's suffering, and the driver was chuckling to himself. "This here bullwhip won't snake out thet fer!" he said, snapping it out as far as the rump of the off horse in the lead team.

The seven Apaches watched with glittering eyes as the white deputies passed among them. One of the Indians, taller than the others and lighter-skinned, suddenly jerked into action, yelling *Ha-a-a-a!* With lightning speed the other Apaches whirled on the sheriff and his deputies, using manacled wrists like clubs, fighting with teeth, nails, knees. The Indian first disarmed, then shot the lawmen, killing the sheriff and his men. It was over in less than a minute from the first war whoop to the quick chatter of Winchester 45's. The Indians also shot the driver, when he tried for his gun.

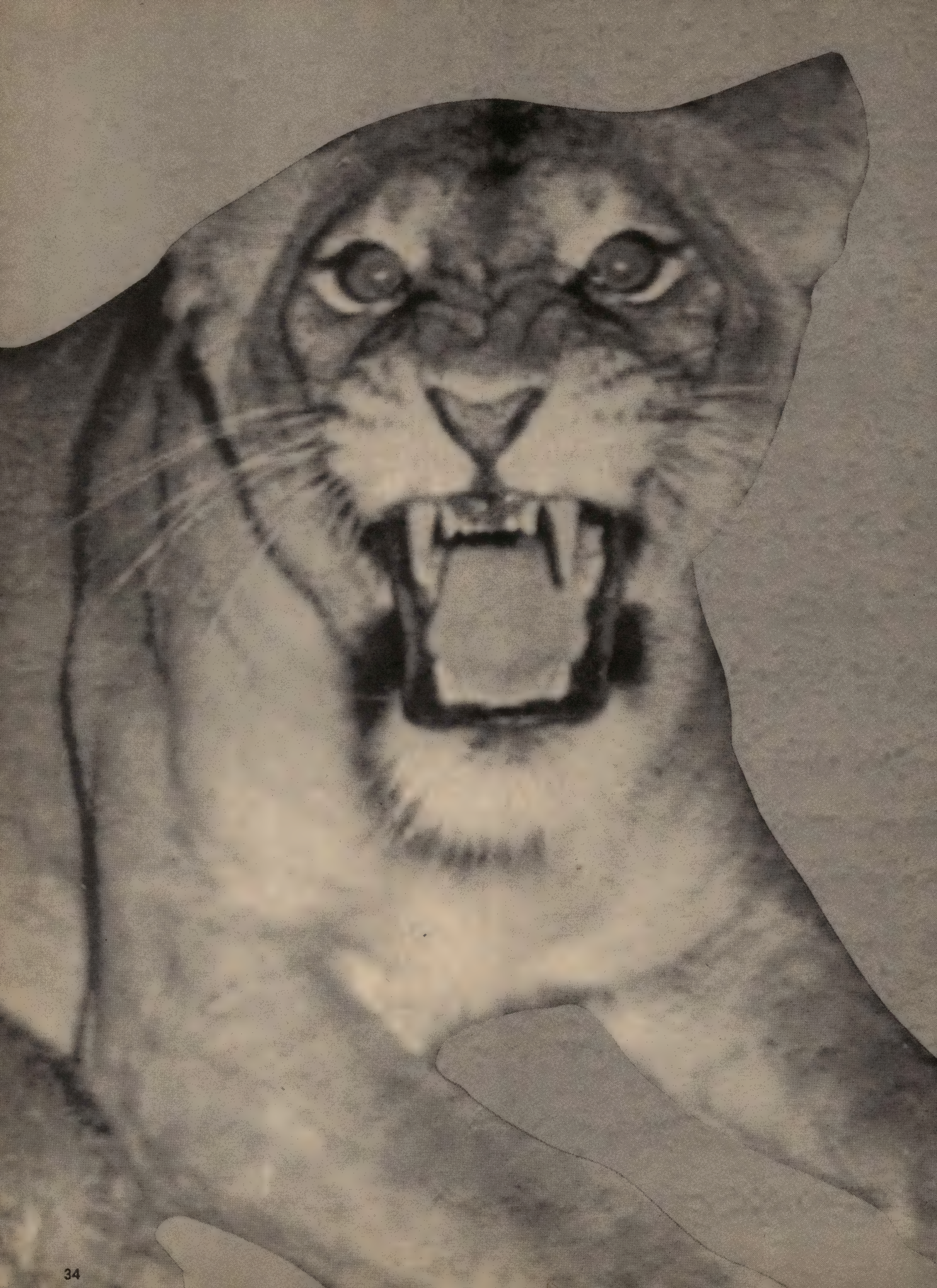
Then the tallest Apache wrenched open the stagecoach door, reached inside, and pulled out the Indian agent. The women were cowering inside the coach, their mascaraed eyes wide with fright.

The tallest Apache looked them over, staring at the naked pink and white

(Continued on page 64)

WORRYBUG

Poor Annette Johnson. She states her problem thus: "Topside I'm a mere 37". Bottomside I'm a big ole 38"!"



I WAS FOOD FOR A MAN-EATING LION

by PETER F. FLYNNE

I OWE MY life to Dan McKee, my partner and friend. He saved what was left of me. The miracle is that there was anything left to save.

We were working for the Trans-Continental Telegraph Company, right in the middle of central Africa. I was maintenance superintendent, and Dan was foreman. We had a work crew of about fifty natives.

We never thought about lions. This wasn't lion country, and we had other troubles. Then one night a lion carried off one of the boys. With nerves jangling we followed the sound of the screaming but lost the man-eater in the darkness. The last thing we heard was a horrible gurgling out there in the bush—then silence.

The lion had taken its first victim, and was soon to have others. In all, it killed three of our boys and mauled two others. Dan and I figured *(Continued on page 70)*

I was fully conscious while the big cat mauled me, then dragged me off to his jungle lair. There he chewed out hunks of my flesh and lapped up my spilling blood!

the BLACKMAIL QUEEN of NEWPORT

by GORDON CUNNINGHAM

■ Flickering gaslight from two elaborately carved iron lamps glowed on the stone steps of one of Newport, Rhode Island's most luxurious villas. Outside, the dark-haired young man of twenty-four paused, peering about him into the darkness. The huge bunch of roses he carried fluttered in a harsh autumnal wind. It was November 3, 1893, and the night was cold.

As the visitor reached the top step, the heavy oak door of the villa was thrown open.

"Hello, Robby, darling!" Amy Bissell, Newport's most fabulous bordello queen crooned.

Blonde hair piled high on her small, beautifully shaped head, she stood bathed in the light emerging from the lavishly decorated hall of the mansion. A feather scarf cascaded over her rounded white shoulders and fluttered across her nude thighs.

"Hurry, I'm freezing!" the twenty-year-old laughed, pulling the young man toward her as she slammed the door. She kissed him hard, her mouth grinding demandingly on his.

"That ought to warm us both up—" Amy murmured as she reached eagerly for the flowers. The feathers slipped off her shoulders and fell to the floor. "At least for now."

"No, baby." The man's voice was cold and hard. "For good!"

Robert Halwick flung the roses to the floor. He held a shiny, black .45.

"Put something on over those feathers," he barked. "You're leaving. You and your mother, and the rest of 'em."

Suddenly the gaslights dimmed to glowing orange, then to nothing. The feathered blonde screamed in the dark.

"The cloth! Give me the cloth!"

A shot rang out from the back of the room. Before the dark young man could fire, a heavily scented cloth was thrown over his head and shoulders. The velvety material was pulled tight and he felt a weakening dizziness overpowering him. Fighting desperately, his knees buckled beneath him. As he sank to the floor, he smelled the sickly-sweet odor of ether . . . .

It was the riotous period known as the Gay Nineties, and bordellos and harlots were profiting as never before.

Amy Bissell was no exception. The stately blonde twenty-year-old purveyor of pleasure, with the wasp waist and soaring dimensions above and below it, was the illegitimate daughter of a governess in the employ of one of society's best known families.

Edward Halwick, thirty-five-year-old head of the house, was her father. Married to a woman who detested sex, the banker consoled himself with the curvy governess of his three-year-old son, Robert. The scandal was hushed up, the erring governess paid off, the incident forgotten. Sixteen years later, the nursemaid was back at work on a part-time basis in the swank homes of the area. Calling herself Mrs. Cora Bissell, she was unknown to any of her employers. Embittered and disillusioned, she cared only about revenge on the people who had discarded her, and the instrument with which she hoped to get that revenge—her daughter.

Even at fifteen, Amy Bissell was a beauty. Her flawless white skin, set off by glistening ash blonde hair, was as conspicuous as her body.

"You can do it, Amy," Mrs. Bissell repeated continuously. "You can make them pay and pay. You can have the best house on the shore. And the time isn't far off."

"But how, Mother?" the fifteen-year-old was curious. "I can't get into society."

"You don't have to." Her scheming parent knew what she was talking about."

Within a year, the increasingly *(Conton page 54)*

The mother was the madam; her daughter the boudoir prize— Together they set out to soak the seaport's rich, gullible males!

AT THE TOP

Pat Barrington displays the 38-23-37 inch figure that has made her the #1 Cover Girl in Britain!

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NUDISTS

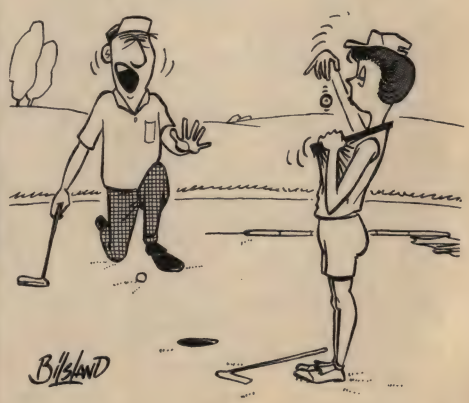
(Continued from page 19)

but mentally accepted. And therefore the operation of sex becomes something completely normal and understandable.

This has a most important consequence. Nudists are able to communicate with each other in regard to sex. Don't think this is something simple and ordinary. Researchers have reported that more than 75% of all men and better than 85% of all women are either unwilling or unable to communicate with each other regarding sex. As was recently reported, men and women are perfectly ready to say, "scratch my back. It itches." But they are not able to say, "Do this or that—use this motion or this position—perform this act or that act because it feels good and it sends me." Instead, they do what they think is right and for lack of communication assume that what they are doing is what their partner likes best. It may be. But there is an equal chance it may not be.

Secondly, nudists, accepting their own and their partner's sex organs, are willing to use them uninhibitedly without shame. They need no urging. They have come to assume that every part of the body should be used to its best advantage. And they take pride in doing the very best they can. They enjoy their own bodies and want you, their partner, to enjoy it too.

Thirdly, nudism is also a basic form of health cult. And good health, both mental and physical is essential to complete sex enjoyment. A healthy body has the stamina to keep going where others tire and quit. A healthy body is able to get into attitudes and positions that ordinary bodies find difficult or uncomfortable. A healthy mind allows that body to take part in whatever game is being played without reservation or fear. All of this is the essence of complete sex enjoyment.



"No, no, Lydia . . . not <u>that</u> cup!"

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☐ Entitled Cunnilingus and Fellatio, by John F. Trimble, Ph.D. The first book-length study on the subjects and the only illustrated volume available on cunnilingus and fellatio. Contains color plates as well as black/white illustrations.

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☐ Entitled Fellatio. By Donald H. Gilmore, Ph.D. Fully illustrated volume, published by Monogram Books. Subtitled "A Study of Normal and Abnormal Oral Sex Behavior."

Chapters are entitled: Normal Erotic Stimulation, Fellatio in History, Oragenital Contacts in Childhood, Teen-Aged Fellatio, Oral Sex in Marriage, Fellatio Techniques, Abnormal Fixations, The Castration Complex, The Urge to Dominate, Obsession, The Prevention of Disease, Bizarre Cases, Guidelines to Normal Sexuality.

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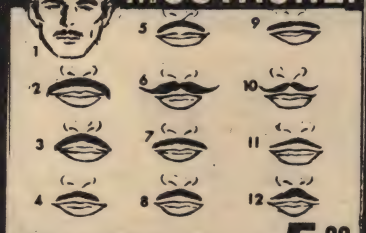

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NOW IT'S perfectly true that it's possible to find all of this without nudism. There must be thousands of individuals who qualify on all counts. But these individuals are so few compared to the huge mass of people who do not have these advantages that they are very difficult to find. In a nudist organization, they're everywhere. Practically any girl you pick will be this kind of a partner. And that's more than you can say about the hottest party you've ever attended.

Obviously there are a wide variety of types of nudist groups and camps. Most camps are not hotbeds of sexuality. That is to say, what sex does take place is usually private and discreet. Naturally, there is no place in the world, nudist camps included, where boys and girls are thrown together that sex does not occupy a lot of time and energy. Healthy males are always on the make. And healthy females are quite happy to receive them. And in a nudist camp, more than anywhere else, a girl is obviously aware of any man's thoughts when those thoughts turn to sex. That's something she quickly gets used to. To say that men don't react to women in a nudist camp would be a downright lie. Most women enjoy the male reaction. They take it for what it is, the sincerest form of compliment that any man can pay them. And so, when they accept an invitation toward solitude, they are perfectly well aware of what the invitation involves.

And having started the game, they are perfectly willing to follow it wherever it may lead them. Since sex is a natural human outlet, they are prepared to enjoy it for what it is without any modesty, reservation or inhibition. That is to say that a girl in a nudist camp is ready to admit that she is a totally sexual creature created specifically for the purpose of giving and receiving pleasure.

Of course how much or how little you can find depends almost entirely on the nudist camp you pick. Not that 99% of the women in almost every camp aren't that way, but rather in the vast bulk of camps they act with complete decorum. This is as it should be. Just because a girl is sexy, it doesn't follow that she has to behave like a slut. In fact, the average fellow prefers his women to behave like ladies. There's more achievement in his making out that way.

It certainly should be apparent to anyone that to select a "family type" camp is to put yourself at the maximum hazard. Not that you won't make out equally well at one of these and with a complete satisfaction. Rather, with Mama, Papa, uncles, aunts, brothers and sisters

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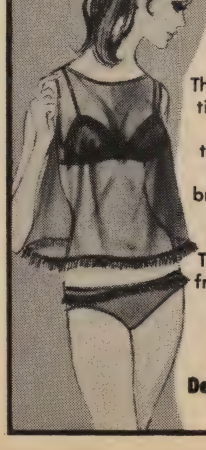

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wallowing about, the pressures toward marriage are unbelievable. No one is looking for a nudist equivalent of a shotgun marriage. But it can happen, brother. Believe me, it can happen!

The wild and totally uninhibited camps are equally dangerous. For unfortunately there are characters whose low and devious minds have come up with all sorts of gimmicks to enrich themselves at your expense. Blackmail is common. So too is using an unsuspecting guest as the star in a series of pornographic pictures. Let me tell you that it can be a shock to discover that you yourself are the star of your men's club's stag smoker.

But there's no use dwelling on the problems and dangers that can be encountered. You've unquestionably heard them all before. And besides, if there were no danger, there could be no true pride in accomplishment. Overcoming problems as they arise is what makes life so interesting.

Now let's go over a few of the more basic criteria that most men use in judging a sex partner and see how the nudist fits in. First, and simplest is looks. Every man wants a girl with eye appeal. What that appeal may be is a matter of individual taste. You may like them big, small, fat, thin, or anything in between. Certainly, you get the fairest and fullest picture in a nudist camp. Not only face, but breasts, thighs, stomach, buttocks; all of interest to the sexualist, stand out plainly. You get the complete line. You're not going to be fooled by flaws. Everything's in the open.

Second is compatability. It's not enough for you to enjoy being with her. You want her to enjoy being with you, too. And for that to occur, there must be some major community of interest. Nudism itself becomes a tie that binds, because nudists, aware of the hostility of the outside world, are automatically sympathetic to another nudist.

Third is passion. You want the girl you're with to be hot as blazes and to put out with a fervor and fury to match your own. There's nothing that can build a man's ego more than the knowledge that he was able to rouse the beast in a woman. Besides, when you get going, you want to be sure that you have a partner capable of your best effort, someone who can give back the same amount of pleasure that you are offering her. Now there's no way I can prove that nudist girls have this ability except to give my own testimony plus that of every man I've ever questioned on the subject. I suggest that you try it yourself. You'll be surprised at the results.

FOURTH is knowledge. That is to say you want a girl who knows more about sex than merely the fact that is exists. You want a full partner, not a pupil. You want a girl who can possibly come up with a few interesting ideas of her own; who can make suggestions; contribute variations; possibly even teach you a few things you never knew before. Well, here again, the nudist women go to the head of the class. They've learned sex. They've never been taught to be afraid of it or to treat it as some dirty backwater of life. There is very little they haven't heard about or read about. And, as we have been telling you for quite a few lines, they aren't hesitant about getting practical experience to go with all of that book knowledge.

So, when you sum up the points you begin to see how on every one the nudist girl ranks right up there with the very best. The most remarkable thing is the way these points fit not just a few, but the vast majority of nudist women.

Perhaps you get the impression from all of this that nudists are a little too oversexed to be real? If you do, I think you're missing the point, which is that this is the way all women ought to be. The fact that they aren't means that they are missing something from their own backgrounds or upbringing. It's their loss. So why should you be forced to put up with it?

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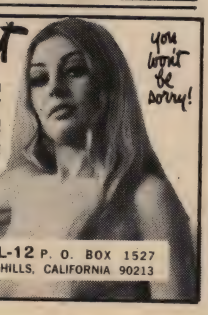

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always heads toward the land of opportunity and in this context, that is of course, the nudist camp.

I would guess that if you are like most fellows the difficulty is in making you believe that it's all true. It seems so easy. Your natural reaction is probably that if it was all that good, why haven't you heard about it before. The answer to that one is that you probably did hear it all before but you rejected it then as you are tending to reject it now all over again.

You can't be blamed for being cautious. But honestly, what have you really got to lose by giving it a try? Even if there were nothing else, you'd still be getting a good, healthy vacation, doing something different, experiencing something brand new, and getting some first rate looks at a whole host of women. You'll have as much ordinary fun at a nudist camp as you would at any other spa. Because except for the naked kick, there isn't anything that's really different.

So even if there were only a fifty percent chance that what you have read here is true, you'd still come out a vast winner. And the odds are far higher than even money. The big gamble, the only gamble, is in your initial selection. And in that, unfortunately, we can't help you. There's nobody who has a line on every nudist camp in the country. There are just too many of them.

One point in your favor is that quite a few of the strict, most family type camps won't even take you as a single. So the very fact that your booking is accepted is therefore a big point in your favor. Secondly, association nudists camps are apt to be far more tightly controlled than independents. That's not always 100% true, but it makes for a good working rule while you're in the process of picking your site. And of course, if you know or are acquainted with any practicing nudists, you can always ask for advice.

From there on, you're on your own. With any kind of luck, you've just about got to score and score well. Just act like a man, keep alert, and watch out for those hidden entanglements. Because even if you selected the worst possible camp, the strictest and most carefully run organization, the women are still healthy, hot-blooded females and the management can't be watching all the time.

I know I did it. And at least fifty other fellows I know personally have found what amounts to sex heavens in the nudist world. If we could accomplish it, you certainly can. If we could be convinced, it's inevitable that you will be too. So give it a try. You'll find that it pays. Because if you don't, the only one who'll be missing out will be you. You wouldn't want that to happen. Or would you? ■

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ESCAPE

(Continued from page 21)

pared food I got for nearly five months.

While Siberia is not by any means uninhabited, it's not overloaded with people, either, especially as one moves farther north. Avoiding the tiny villages was not too difficult.

I made myself a bow and whittled arrows out of brush branches. I was lucky to find the remains of a bird, evidently killed by a fox sometime before. In the late spring snows, feathers were still lying about. I fitted them into my shafts and now my arrows were first rate. I had plenty of time to practice, and while I don't suppose I'll ever be a champion, I became in time, fairly adequate. At least I managed to sustain myself.

There was not too much trouble keeping alive during the spring and summer. Birds and game abounded and in my condition, I saw nothing wrong with shooting a sitting duck. There were berries and fruit to vary my diet. And when the ice melted, there were fish in the streams.

But by September, I knew I could never manage to live through a full arctic winter. I was north of the tree line now, and there was nothing to protect me from the full blizzards that scream down from the

polar regions.

I had to find a place to stay.

The facts of Soviet life came to my rescue. Under the Soviet system, news is rarely given out. Certainly the Reds would not have publicized my escape. Nor, would they expect me to be in northern Siberia. So, if I took refuge with some isolated family—I don't know what they are but they're akin to Eskimos, Lapps and Aleuts—no one would know I was on the run unless I told myself. Since everyone in Russia is always where he is supposed to be my very presence would be taken to mean that I belonged there.

I invented a cover story about mineral research and moved boldly. By September 20th, I had found the family that fitted my requirements. I moved in with them. Hospitality is part of existance in the arctic. Without it, no wandering hunter in a tribe could hope to survive. I was given shelter, food and even a woman. She was far from beautiful, I suppose I'd have to call her fat, squat and ugly—but after my ordeal she was like the goddess of love. She was kind and most important, she was female.

My stay lasted nearly six months, that is during the entire duration of the north Arctic sunset. I did what I could to help. I worked with them, hunted with them and traveled with them. In spring I was sorry to leave. I left my woman pregnant. I hope she came through all right.

In one full year, I had covered some 380 miles direct from the labor camp. I was now a mere 90 miles or less from the ocean.

The spring of 1962 was different for me. I had been through this before. I was a veteran of solo arctic travel. And I had confidence. It was easier. Even so, careful traveling, avoidance of villages even roads and trails and watching out for the isolated military posts slowed me down. Also, I spent a good part of each day providing myself with food. It took me twenty days to reach the sea.

Now came the hardest single task, locating a boat. Boats, even small boats are not exactly common on the arctic shore. Those that do exist are usually kept under tight control around villages. But I was prepared for this too.

I had learned patience the hard way. Now I put it into practice. Illogic and impossibility were my only real hope. So I waited for eleven days within five miles of a village until a storm came up. Then, forcing myself to the maximum, I moved down to the beach directly outside a tiny village, slipped a boat and let the sea take me. I felt fairly certain that the storm rather than a thief would be blamed for the loss of the vessel.

For the next six hours, all I

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could do was pray. The boat bounced and tossed on the waves. But by a miracle, although it shipped some water, it didn't swamp. Maybe my prayers were of some value. Or perhaps God felt that I deserved a chance. Two hands make a mighty poor bailing pail.

It was late afternoon when the storm finally ended. I was out of sight of land, well into the straits that separate the mainland of Asia from Ostrov Bolshevik, the first large island in the chain. It was then I realized that I had made a first-class error. I had omitted to take fresh water with me. And it was a long haul, too. At the nearest, the island is some 60 miles across the open water. After the storm, which had blown me God knows how far, I guessed I was a good 100 miles away, to the southeast and the current was carrying me to the northeast at about 5 to 8 knots. A little arithmetic showed me that I'd have to row west-northwest, in order to strike land. I turned the boat and began shoving at the oars. But again, luck came to my aid. A southeast breeze sprang up, that made my job that much easier. I could never have rowed continuously for all that time. But by rowing for a 5000 count and resting a 1000 count, I managed to last it out. After about what I guessed to be some 16 hours, I came in sight of land. It was a small island obviously not the large Ostrov Bolshevik that I had aimed at, thought still one of the Ostrov chain.

The island was utterly deserted, but I found ice, which gave me me some fresh water. And, after resting overnight, the next morning I was lucky enough to kill a walrus. That gave me meat, but even more important, after I had carefully skinned the animal, his hide gave me a surface to use as a sail.

Another days rest, a careful provisioning of my tiny craft with meat and water, and I was off again. This time, I was more accurate. Two days rowing and sailing and I finally reached Ostrov Bolshevik. But I landed on the northeast, not the southern shore.

I shan't detail my island hopping. I took it easy. It was the height of early summer and the weather was bearable. I invariably rested three or four days on each island before taking off for the next. My hops were anything from 50 to 100 miles each, and these were interspersed with beach sailing as I moved carefully along coasts of the larger islands. I kept far enough out to sea so that land was just visable. I was certain there were observation posts, the location of which I didn't know. I knew my boat was small enough that it would not be spotted, but I wanted to make sure I didn't pick an inhabited location for a landfall. Several times I saw smoke, so my precautions were most important.

I was far, far north now, around the 80th parallel. Ice was frequent—large areas that forced huge detours .But the ice was valuable, too, since it was thick enough to allow me to pull ashore on the huge bergs and rest. Without them, the long hauls from Ostrov Schmidt to Ostrov Lishakova and from there to Ostrov Graham Bell, each run some 200 or more miles, might well have been impossible.

The current helped too, for now it was distinctly a westward flow, that carried me along at a good 6 to 8 knots per hour.

At any rate it was about July 20tht when I finally took off from Zemlya Alexander, the last outpost of Soviet power. Ahead of me, some 200 miles across the Arctic waste was Kvit Oya, a tiny dot that marked the first spot of Norwegian territory. If I missed that landfall, only too possible, I knew—there was more than a hundred miles more until the major islands of Spitsbergen would come into view.

Of course at this point my luck ran out. Naturally I did not make the easier landfall The current turned southwest which threatened to carry me down into the Barents sea. The wind practically ceased for three days.

The only saving grace was that I had such a small boat that I could row easily. True I could not move more than perhaps 2 miles per hour, but that too added up and was enough in the light current and windless ocean to keep me from drifting down into the faster waters further south.

But then, after 8 days on the ocean, with my water at an end—with less than a pound of food still remaining, the east wind came again. It threatened a storm, but I no longer cared. A storm would bring rain—water, fresh water. And most important, the east wind would carry me across the channel.

It blew. God how it blew. My boat rode like a cork, slashing on the waves. Every wave threatened to swamp me. But I used the sail as a boat cover, tying it over the gunwales to keep out the worst. Even so, I had to bail continuously and still the water rose.

My great luck was that I was on the very northern fringe of the storm. It passed by after perhaps four hours. And just in time, too. I think another hour of the blow and I'd be resting on the bottom of the ocean today.

But there was an even greater blessing. For as the sun broke thruogh the raw overcast, ahead of me was land.

And so, nearly 16 months after breaking out of my prison, I finally reached Spitsbergen. I was free. I was alive. God be praised. ■

"ISLAND OF BLISS"

(Continued from page 27)

The island, though small, was ideally suited to a resort. At one end was a protected harbor that could be, and was dredged and improved to offer enxellent anchorage for the largest pleasure yachts. There were three beaches, all good, and dense foliage covered a terrain that rose sharply from the water so that there were a multitude of levels for cottages. Polynesian crews, working with stateside construction men, built several dozen houses that combined the looks of south sea island huts with the amenities of indoor plumbing and electric power. Down at the landing, a little village housed quarters for the help and the necessary facilities for a well-appointed resort colony—kitchens, warehouses, laundry, and shops.

HAD THE island been less remote from the main group, it is unlikely that it could have survived the onslaught of amateur agents. As it was, general interest quickly lapsed into acceptance of the obvious fact that Huerata Cay had been turned into an ultra-exclusive watering place for the elite, and it was left at that. True, there were some unusual features. For one thing, yachts which anchored in the basin seldom visited other ports nearby. And, as they lay at anchor, the boats' transoms were hooded, the names obscured to prevent identification. It became evident that the management of the resort, too, wished it to be anonymous. Those who were adventurous enough to visit the island, either openly at the landing or by stealth, found themselves quickly and smoothly intercepted and politely sent on their way. Those who tried to gain admittance as paying guests were told that it was a private club. Howard, who had evidently become the resident manager, would give them a drink, jolly them up, and regretfully refuse them.

The reason for all the security was, of course, that the regular clients of the island were much bigger fish than any swimming in the island waters. The standard tab at the Isle of Bliss was over $2,000 a week, with unlimited pleasures guaranteed. Able to accommodate a maximum of 24 guests at a time, the island was staffed with three times that number of meticulously trained, imported help, not counting the girls.

The girls were the essential ingredient, and among them variety was the rule. From what little came to light in the inquiries that followed the island's obliteration in the great hurricane of 1955, they were recruited from all parts of the world.

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So far, not too different from what any reasonably self-reliant vacationer could have found in pre-Castro Havana or a half-dozen other Caribbean resorts, for less money. What distinguished the Isle of Bliss was not what it purveyed—a fairly universal commodity—but the subtlety with which it was offered. Despite the lavishness of its accommodations and the eminence of its customers, the resort's chief attraction was not flamboyance. On the contrary, it was the spartan simplicity and the relaxed informality in which the basic pleasures of life could be savored. No extravagant entertainments of glittering social functions plagued the clientele. No band played nightly in the dining room, for there was no dining room. Nor a beach club, nor cabana boys, nor any of the usual trappings. The watchword was, go native. But what a way to go native. The customers were paying to enjoy a bit of tropical paradise, and in a paradise, everything should be available without any more effort than necessary for its enjoyment. The cup should be ready for the outstretched hand, the fruit fall into the waiting mouth, the haunch be properly at hand to receive the proffered pat. To this ideal, every effort of the Isle of Bliss management was devoted.

ASSUME THAT you were a lucky millionaire whose credentials satisfied the management. Upon receipt of a suitably discreet, engraved confirmation of your reservation, you might set sail in your own or a chartered vessel following sailing directions provided on a special set of charts. Indeed, if you wished, you might arrange in advance to be provided with air or sea transportation from any Atlantic Coast seaport from New York City south to the Florida Keys.

Upon your arrivel at Huerata Cay, you could step ashore encumbered by nothing but the clothes on your back. These you would be encouraged to shed in favor of less confining garb patterned on South Seas styles as soon as you were shown to your hut. But what a hut—complete with all civilized comforts, including a bank of sunlamps over the bed in case of rainy days, and similar luxuries. In the hut you would also find a discreet brochure outlining the services available, and a map of the island. You would learn that you could call for any service at any time, anywhere on the island. If, for example, you suddenly felt an urge for a moonlight supper of lobster and champagne on the beach, it would be provided within 15 minutes.

If you took a feminine companion to the island, she would of course

"Oh, he'll remember me all right—it's only been nine months since he worked on me."

share the services with you. But if you came alone, you would soon be aware that in the relaxed atmosphere there was a more than ordinary abundance of distaff charms to amuse you. You might meet girls casually on the beach, run into them in the underbrush, or if you were to take your ease lying on the sand or in a hammock, a gesture could summon a half dozen fair companions to your side. Since each girl was an expert conversationalist in a variety of languages, more private and permanent liaisons could and probably would grow from there.

The girls were, in short, more like fellow guests than employees, and available in much the same way that girls on a cruise ship or in a resort catering to singletons might be—with the important differences that these girls were all of unusual beauty, and their companionship could be dropped or switched for another's at your whim.

Informality and ease did not, however, mean solitude and there were plenty of events available for the socially inclined, from small intimate parties to Saturday night dances with a difference. The nature and timing of these events were carefully suited by the management to fit the inclinations of the guests present at any given time. The guests themselves were scheduled with care to insure that those with similar tastes were grouped together.

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A storm was brewing in the southern sky as the first drum began to throb in the darkness. A faint breath of storm-scented breeze rustled the palm fronds and whipped the flames of a dozen torches set in a circle around the center of a tiny clearing.

The drum beat faster. A second joined in, then a third. One by one the glistening figures of the girls filed out of the shadows in a swaying line among the torches. They were nude, their firm breasts and full hips burnished by the flames to a coppery glow. As the drumbeats quickened and the dance grew more exotic, flickering highlights gave voluptuous emphasis to the movements of the dancers.

The dance reached its climax as the first drops of wind-driven rain fell, and the girls threw themselves out of the lighted circle and among the onlookers. The drums beat on. A moment later, a brilliant chain of lightning illuminated the clearing, to reveal to the fishermen a tangle of bodies twining on the grass be-

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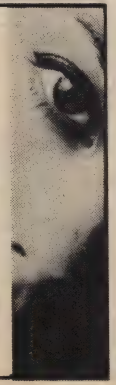

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neath the storm-tossed heads of the palms. Then the thunder crashed and the rain came down in a torrent that doused the torches and quieted the drums.

The two men made their way in the storm along a path and found themselves at the landing, where they sought aid. Alexander Howard, visibly nervous at their presence, questioned them closely about where they had been and what they had seen, but they played dumb and left with a very large wad of folding money after pledging a silence they did not keep.

Today, despite the restless threats of Communist Cuba and other banana dictatorships, luxury resorts are being carved out of one island after another in the Caribbean. There can be little doubt that some of them at least are founded on the same—if somewhat more conventionally expressed—ideas of luxury and license that brought the Isle of Bliss development into being. With its winding jungle paths, its secluded glades carpeted with dense green sod especially imported to offer soft resting places, its waterfalls and specially heated pools, Huerata Cay could have outshone them all if it had lasted. But unluckily for them, the builders of the Isle of Bliss could not control one element of nature—the fury of the sea in a full hurricane. And none of such force had ever been felt in that part of the islands prior to the great storm of 1955, which wiped out the whole installation.

Nobody will ever know what happened to all of the people on the island, or how many of them perished. In the inquiries that followed the storm, the story of Huerata Cay might have made a sensation had there not been so much quiet pressure exerted to play it down. No government had clear responsibility, so nobody wanted to buck the pressure. Evidently no guests were ashore at the time, and if the staff survived, they had enough sense to keep quiet. ■

EASY PICKUPS

(Continued from page 29)

feeling gradually quiets down and goes away. I've got to wait for a few days till it starts to build up again. No, I never worry about how good it is, or even if it's any good at all. It's the buildup that's the biggest part of the excitement. And that I wouldn't want to miss for anything."

The desire to have sex relations with strangers can bring on problems. It's tough enough for an unmarried woman or a divorcee, but they have it easy compared to most married women. The problem is that most husbands aren't very sympathetic to their wives' feelings. They seem to feel that their wives ought to stay at home and not go running out picking up strange men. And so the girls have to turn to all sorts of subterfuges in order to practice their hobby. It makes for a difficult relationship.

Of course not all husbands feel that way. That percentage of men who like to get a few extra kicks of their own, usually try to work out something that is mutually beneficial. One of the most popular methods is wife swapping. Doctors estimate that more than 65% of all women who participate in swapping have some form of desire for sex with a complete stranger. In fact, many swappers openly report that this one of the principal kicks they get out of swapping.

And there are some husbands who just don't give a damn what their wives do, so long as the wives don't bother them.

But the majority of these girls don't have it nearly so easy. They have to figure out their own methods for finding free time, or at least time that doesn't have to be explained. One woman actually succeeded for a period of several years of sneaking out of bed after her husband fell asleep and enjoying herself with pick-ups at the loca tavern. Another convinced her mate that she had an evening job that kept her out of the house every night from eight PM to two.

However the simplest formula for most such girls is to make use of the afternoons. That's a period when they aren't being watched, anyway, and with reasonable care and sufficient practice, it can be carried off with a high degree of success. And added to that, there is usually at least one night a week when the average husband goes out with his friends. That makes a bonus for the wives.

Obviously in the long run, some of these women get caught. Christine, mentioned above, has gone through two divorces. And now she's carrying on the same game with her third husband. But surprisingly, there are apparently quite a number who do not get caught. Women have reported continuing these sex adventures for over fifteen years without being spotted by their husbands.

One would naturally imagine that these women would be the most widely experienced type of sex amateurs a fellow could find. With all their opportunities you might expect that they would have tried everything, experimented with almost all conceivable types of sex acts. The actual fact is that more than 90% of them have not. Quite the contrary, these are usually extremely conservative

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women when it comes to sex. The bulk of them have tried no more than three or four different sex acts or positions. They prefer to repeat the standard acts over and over again, getting their variety from different men rather than different sex methods.

Another woman I know, Leona, explained it this way. "What do I want to get mixed up with a bunch of oddballs for? I like a guy who wants his sex straight and hard. It's not technique I'm interested in, anyway. Technique's a lot of rot. It's all the same thing. What I want is something that gives me kicks, that tickles me the way I want to feel it. I know what I like. Gosh knows I've had enough experience. So why shouldn't I have it my way? The guys don't care. So long as a man gets his jollies, what difference does it make. The guy likes a new body. It gives him kicks. I like a new body. It gives me kicks. And that's all that matters. Everything else should be just as simple as possible. That way you can be sure it'll work out."

I ASKED Leona if she hadn't ever tried some of the hundred or so different sex acts and positions in the standard manuals and she answered, "Sure, I've tried some of them with my husband. But they're no better than ordinary sex. And mostly they're not as good. So why should I waste time on them!"

If my own questionings of such women are necessarily limited, there are numerous scientists who have discussed the problem with hundreds, even thousands of women. And they report generally the same thing. In fact they state that a number of these girls are not even aware that so many sex variations even exist. Nor were many of the women even interested when it was told to them, preferring to stick with safe, old standbys rather than to gamble on unknown methods.

Thus, it must be concluded that the man who picks up one of these girls, while he may get a very competent performer in bed, will probably not get an outstanding love partner. The true experts, the women who are literally one in a million when it comes to sex performance, are more likely to be interested in sex for itself rather than in the mere kick of getting hold of a stranger for a partner. As a general rule, the one conflicts with the other.

Women of this type rarely if ever change, once their sex pattern has been truly set. They will continue their search for constantly new lovers for their entire, active sex lives. No husband or boyfriend is likely to change her, no matter how expert or overpowering a lover he himself may be. For no one man can possibly give her what she wants, namely something continually new.

What are the odds on your finding women like this? Pretty good, actually. However you can't count on them for anything like regularity. For the average guy, even the man who is continually on the prowl, you'll be lucky if you can pick one up at a rate of once a year. Because even if you happen to be in the same spot, it's just the plain luck of the draw as to what man she picks. And there seems to be no rhyme or reason as to her choice, other than the desire to get a guy who is completely different from the man she had last time.

When you do connect, the best thing you can do is relax and enjoy it. Play it as it comes; keep it simple and direct; don't worry about the

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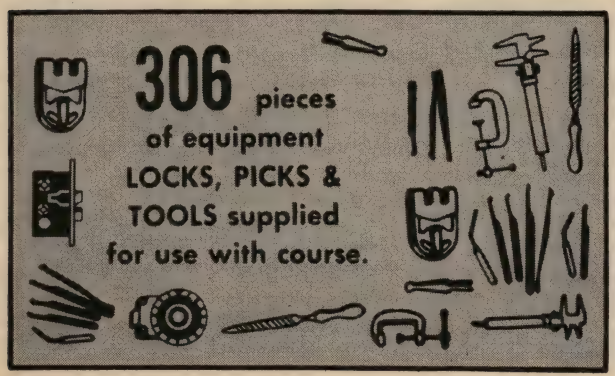

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future; and forget about her. Concentrate on your own pleasure, because you aren't going to impress her, no matter what you do, anyway. And there's no way you can possibly promote her into a repeat date. That's not part of her plan.

And of course if you should discover that your own woman is of this type, you've really got a problem on your hands. What you should do is your own affair, but be warned. These women have the highest divorce rate in America. It isn't that they aren't stable. They're just sexually uncontrollable.

But life's too short for worry. Fun is what most of us are looking for. And fun is what you can definitely have with this type of a girl, at least I presume that sex is your kind of fun.

So next time you're in a bar and that gal sitting alongside of you winks and invites you to join her, just keep your fingers crossed. Who knows, within the next few minutes you might be receiving the most direct and simple proposition you ever got in your life.

And if you do, don't feel insulted; don't feel that your male ego has been bruised; don't even feel that she's taken your prerogative away from you. Just remember that with luck you can well be in for one of the sexiest nights you've ever experienced, one of the cheapest, yet most rewarding pickup dates you've ever known.

So take her up on it. Follow through. And know the ultimate in satisfaction, realizing that for once, you're being a true scout. Remember pal, you're doing her a favor. She needs you. So help her in her hour of need. You'll be a better man for it. Besides, it'll probably be a long time till you have another opportunity. ■

BLACKMAIL QUEEN

(Continued from page 37)

less innocent teenager had met scores of eligible men, young and old, by simply helping her mother in the plush homes where she worked.

"Accept 'em all, Amy," her mother advised. "Just remember one thing. *Make 'em pay.*"

That they did. And Amy Bissell was worth paying for. Where the proper, icy women of society left off, the sexual tornado began. Catering to the depraved, licentious desires of frustrated males, she soon became famous.

"If you really want to try something, see Amy Bissell," the scuttlebutt went.

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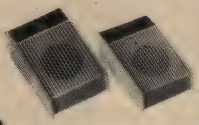
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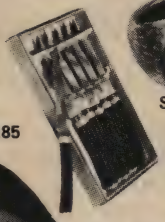
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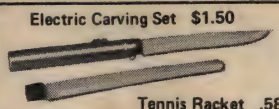
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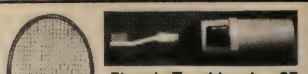
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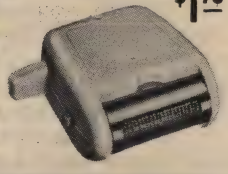
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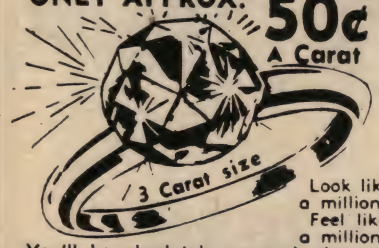

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to the *menage* her mother managed so admirably.

"This is only the beginning, girls," the governess-turned-madam announced firmly one morning after the last of the customers had gone.

"Now we're really going to get started." She loosened the stays that kept her ample form from spreading.

"What've you got in mind, Mom?"

"Your father!"

Edward Halwick, a distinguished, gray-haired man of fifty-six, had completely forgotten the wild fling with his son's governess, but not the impulse that had caused it. When he received a personal written invitation to the house of Bissell he was highly flattered and wasted no time getting there. The wily woman he'd scorned was ready for him.

The portly banker arrived late in the evening after a boring musicale given by his wife. He was taken by one of the girls to the ravishing blonde doxie's room. Amy Bissell was standing at her dressing table, brushing her long hair, when he entered. The glow of the gaslight rippled over her firm flesh, highlighting the pink-toned curves. Halwick stared in admiration, no recognition of the past marring his anticipation.

Waiting two minutes outside the door to give the unsuspecting millionaire time to remove his clothing, the elder Bissell and two of the girls burst into the room.

"You wretch!" Mrs. Bissell shrieked. "You'd touch your own daughter!" Raising her voice, the virago screamed wildly, "Police! Call the police!"

"But I had no idea—" he pleaded. "We can settle this without police. *Please* listen—"

Vague memories crowded back as he noticed something familiar under the folds of fat on the once-alluring governess. Dripping with perspiration, his hands trembling, Halwick sat down on the edge of the bed, cursing himself for ever having looked at the woman.

"Will money fix the situation?" Halwick was willing to do anything to get out of the mess. "Just don't *call* anybody."

At the prospect of a settlement the weeping and wailing stopped abruptly and a levelheaded business transaction involving the transfer of the Halwick mansion to Bissell and company was completed. The minute Halwick was out of the house, Mrs. Bissell hugged her daughter gleefully.

"We did it. We *did* it!" she roared with elation. "I got the old geezer where I want him after all these years. Now you have the home that's rightfully yours." That it was rightfully the home of Halwick's legitimate son was of no interest to the bitter and unforgiving madam.

THIS INCIDENT was the start of a series of swindles that rocked sedate and stylish Newport to its elegant timbers. Once the house of Bissell became established in the villa by the sea, vacated hurriedly by Halwick, who suddenly developed a "rheumatic condition" requiring a change of climate, there was no limit to the havoc caused. Using the gossip she'd gleaned from servants in the homes where she'd worked, Mrs. Bissell milked the clients for past as well as present transgressions.

Actually the cards were already stacked high against Amy Bissell and her mother. Edward Halwick's son Robert, skeptical about the story of his father's rheumatism, and having heard rumors of the fantastic swindles pulled by the bandit bordello, was secretly investigating on his own. When he learned the true details of the case from the family lawyer, the enraged young man decided to take action. On the night of September 30, 1893 he appeared at his old home, sporting a false mustache. Madam Bissell greeted the handsome young man warmly:

"You're just in time for Peggy. She'll be ready in a minute."

"But I want the blonde, Amy," young Halwick said firmly.

"Certainly, of course," Madam agreed. "But you'll have to wait. She won't be through for fifteen minutes." The garishly dressed woman had no inkling she was talking to her charge of twenty years ago. She gave him a drink and after twenty minutes, directed him upstairs.

"First door to your left, dear," she called after him.

Halwick strode into his former bedroom, now occupied by the skilled seductress and decorated in pale blue satin to set off her blonde beauty. The girl stepped toward him wearing a tiny white apron with a pocket sewn on its six-inch-square surface.

"Want to feed the kitty now or later?" The blonde swayed close to the brawny youth, smiling warmly.

Her hips bent towards him in an undulating arc. Smelling the innocent odor of violets, he felt an irresistible urge to stop sleuthing and live. He did.

Pulling the fabulous sex toy toward him, he tore off the apron and carried her to the huge bed in the center of the room. There under the soft light of an oversized gas lamp, Robert Halwick, as they say in the vernacular, got his money's worth.

Disgusted with himself, he left later, tossing the money on the bed. The girl wondered about his surly behavior and peremptory exit. She hoped the man she knew only as Robert would return.

She didn't wait long.

Two days later, on October 2, 1893, Halwick returned, determined to shake the Bissells out of Newport and his family villa at the same time. When Amy Bissell spotted him climbing the steps, she dashed downstairs to let him in herself.

"Kiss me," she breathed.

"I'd rather kill you," the man's voice was hard, steely.

Startled, she opened her eyes.

The young man had flung the roses on the floor, revealing a shiny .45 in his hand.

"Mom, help!" the tall blonde shrieked wildly. "Get the gun!"

Abruptly the gaslight lowered to a dull glow, then to nothing. In the blackness a shot rang out, then another. Halwick shot blindly at where the girl had been. Then at the upper part of the stairway where the firing came from. Somebody upstairs screamed. There was excited shouting and the sound of frantic running.

From a corner of the hall the girl was

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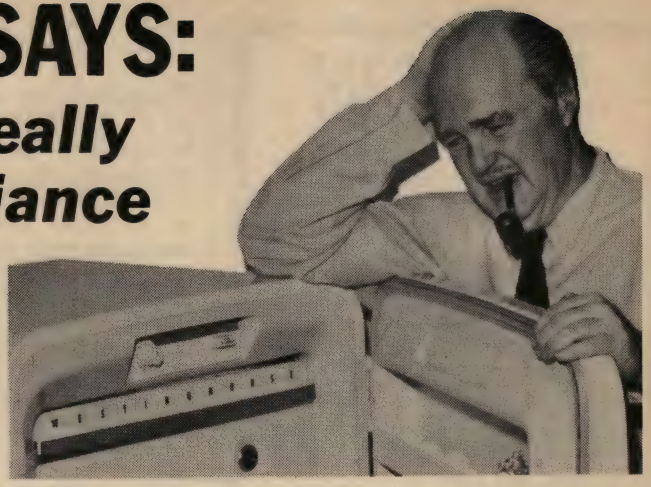

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yelling:

"Give me the cloth! Where the devil's the cloth?"

Halwick fumbled for a match. He wanted to evict the Bissells on his own, before the police did. They'd promised him ten minutes when they planned the raid.

Halwick stepped forward, peering into the blackness. Suddenly something soft was tossed over his head and shoulders. He gasped for breath, overpowered by the sickly sweet smell of the velvet cloth. He flailed out, trying to swivel around, but he was overcome by dizziness. As he sank to the floor he heard heavy banging on the front door, and wild screams around him.

There was a sudden draught of fresh air. He sucked it in hungrily as racing footsteps stampeded past and over his body, as the police, six of them, raced into the house and up the stairs.

"We got the house surrounded, you mi—" a police officer started to say but didn't finish. In the darkened room, a bullet fired from close range entered his chest, killing him instantly.

"Amy, where the hell *are* you?" the heavy, whiskey-tenored voice of Madam Bissell boomed. "Get out the back way! I'll hold the bastards here!"

She didn't make good her boast. An emergency lamp brought by the officers flared up on a fantastic scene. The girls were fighting the police with bottles, glasses, pictures from the walls. One battered sergeant peered dizzily through a torn canvas depicting a sunset. Madam Bissell was clobbering a tall, thin policemen with the butt of her now empty gun, while she held a cloth soaked in ether over his head. His hand hung limply at his side, still clasping his revolver. He swayed weakly, only half conscious.

"Somebody grab this bum's gun!" she shrieked, unheard in the deafening roar around her.

Halwick shook his painfully aching head as the confusion around him came into focus. The effects of the ether were wearing off, leaving him nauseous and unsteady. He crawled across the floor, looking for his gun. Nearby a policeman writhed on the polished parquet, blood pouring from a deep gash in his head. Slipping in the red pool surrounding the wounded man, he managed to grab the officer's gun at the precise moment that the sergeant shouted over the bedlam:

"Shoot the bastards, men! Shoot to kill—"

"If you don't, I will!" Halwick staggered to his feet, still determined to stamp out the house of Bissell himself.

Madam Bissell and her daughter made a wild dash for the back door. Halwick and the police fired after them and the young blonde fell, bleeding from a shoulder wound. After that the girls and the customers filed out to the police wagons quietly. They were quite through.

IT WAS the end of resistance to the forces of law and order in Newport. The former governess-turned-vice queen went to prison for life for killing the policeman. It was proven to be a bullet from her gun that had entered the officer's chest. Her daughter Amy served a five-year sentence for running a house of ill repute and five more years for assault and attempted murder. The eight girls were given two-year sentences.

The swindled assets of the bordello were discreetly returned to their owners. The Halwicks got back their villa. Robert Halwick got honorable mention as an intrepid hero.

Many scandals were to hit Newport in later years, but none measured up to the fantastic bordello-blackmail swindle of the Bissells. Harlotry was never quite the same. ■

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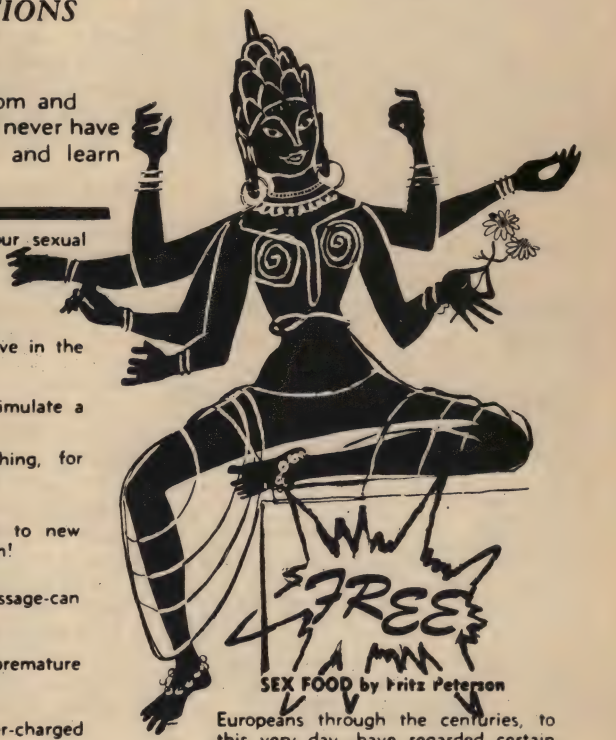

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SURE DEATH MISSION

(Continued from page 17)

manning the walls came to life. A rifle popped. Then another. From the nearest tower came the dry hack of a heavy machine gun.

"That does it!" Meyers yelled to those waiting below. *"Everybody up!"* And, as he drove a grappling hook into the frozen earth, and let the rope unravel to those below, he fired his Thompson gun in short bursts at the same time, knowing he would hit no one with such wild aim, but hoping the shots themselves would make the Germans pull in their heads.

Sergeant Bateman was first up. He crawled through an MG burst to a marble urn, and seemingly, without taking aim, he loosed two shots. The machine gun that had been worrying him became silent. The gunner was hanging out the turret, leaking blood down the wall. *"Ah hah! San An-tone!"* Bateman yelled, and this cry of first blood drawn thrilled even Meyers.

Next man up, a Private Boxx, went right back down, three machine gun bullets in his head. Meyers lobbed a grenade, again knowing he would do little damage, since distance was too great for accuracy, but hoping noise and smoke would foul German aim.

Up the rope came Danneville with his pole, and behind him, everyone else. As he topped the rim, each man lunged to cover of a statue, an urn, a hedge. And, Meyers noted with satisfaction, they were stoking up a steady fire, picking targets carefully.

German response from the wall lessened, and Meyers said to no one in particular, "They didn't expect us, and now they don't know what to do about us." He checked his watch. Time was 9:30 a.m.

Then he waved. Slowly he inched forward. It was time to take the villa.

As he pushed through a row of hedge, the substance of an earlier fear materialized. A machine-gun bang-bang-banged from a sandbagged pit on the right. From the left came the dull "whup" of a launching mortar shell. A second later, the shell banged loudly, showering Meyers' men, the villa wall, the machine gun pit with dirt, snow, and pieces of a private named Cranlyn.

Neither MG nor mortar spoke for long, however. The three mortarmen were an easy three-shot spread for Bateman. The MG was just as easy for three grenades because it was so close.

The cramped area of the villa's small table was proving a blessing, Meyers realized. The defenders had to meet them close on. And close on, they had a chance. The enemy could not sit at a distance and pot them easily.

Going through the second row of hedge, Meyers was close enough to hear rifle

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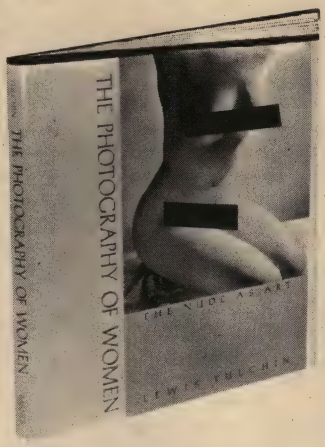

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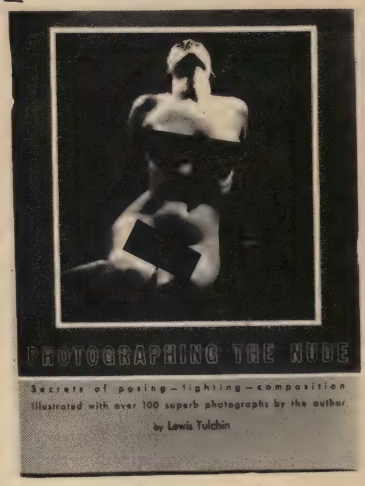
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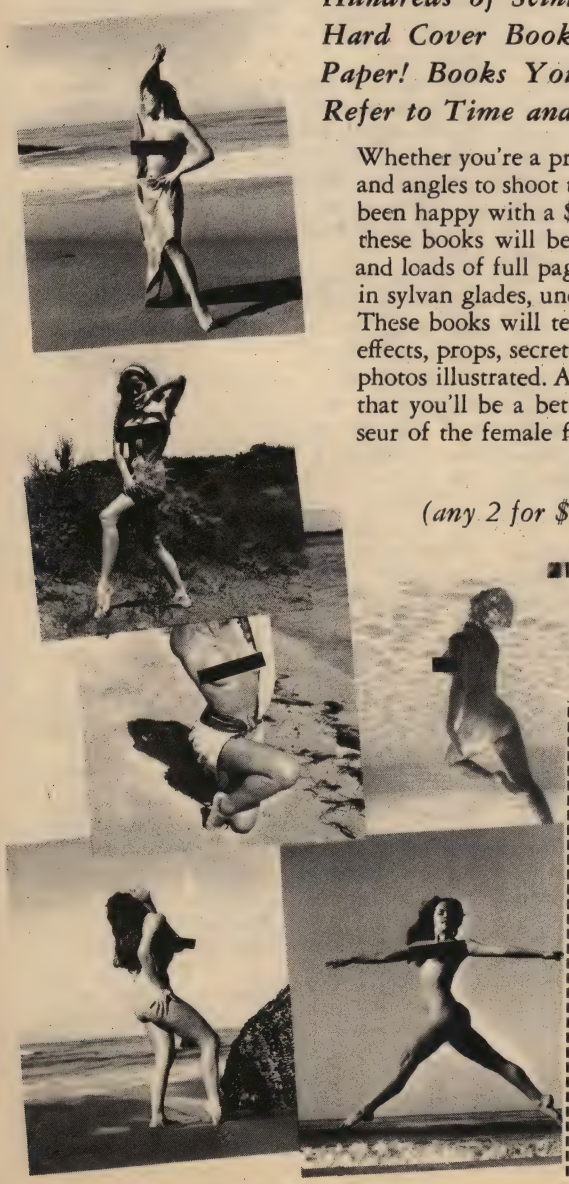

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bolts clicking inside the villa, shouts, boots clomping on cobbles, and then the sound of a reving half-track engine. He guessed someone was going driving with Mr. No-Name.

"All right," he yelled to those behind him. "One good volley to scrub that parapet clean of Krauts. Everything you've got!" Then, to Danneville, he said, "OK, Jean. Get ready. When I sa ythree, off you go. . . . You really think this thing will work? I hope so. It's the only way we can breach the wall without taking all day."

Danneville shrugged. He was furiously disrobing; helmet, grenades, weapons.

"One. . . ." Meyers counted.

Next Danneville threw off jump boots and parka.

"Two. . . ."

Danneville strapped his .45 back on, looped a coil of rope with grapple over his shoulder, and tensed.

"Three . . . and the rest of you, *keep those guns working!"*

Danneville seized his vaulting pole, leaped from the hedge, and ran; a shoeless, coatless St. George charging the dragon with his blue and white bamboo lance. Despite the gunfire, two Germans leaned down from the ramparts and watched in astonishment.

To give himself room to crank up momentum, Danneville ran parallel to the wall. Just before the corner, he bounded into the air. The bamboo pole bit into the snow, bending under his weight. Danneville used his forward motion to swing his legs up and parallel to the ground. The springiness in the pole did the rest.

The man seemed to defy gravity and float upwards. At the peak of his arc, he twisted effortlessly, straightened himself, and landed on his feet in crouch position, .45 out and shooting. Meyers said later it was the neatest pole vault he had ever seen in his life.

He was on his feet as Danneville landed, shouting, "Well don't just lay there you men. We get inside now, or not at all."

He watched Danneville uncurling the rope and dropping to his belly to shorten the target his lithe body gave the Germans. At the wall, three "B for Bust-'em-Up" men busied themselves lobbing grenades, one following another, over the 15-foot parapet into the courtyard. The explosions racketed like a string of firecrackers. Someone yelled, "Don't land one on top of Danneville, goddammit."

Bateman and another stood back a few feet from the wall, peering upward and shooting at every head that showed. One German tried holding his weapon over the side and firing without exposing his head to aim. Bateman put a bullet through his hand.

Danneville dropped the rope end. Meyers clutched it, their only line to the inside. He had a brief desperate feeling that they had only ten seconds to shinny up the rope, and ten seconds wasn't nearly enough.

Then, bracing his feet, he hauled himself up for the second climb of the day. Ten seconds would have to do.

He squeezed through one of the gunports, his Thompson working. He was stopped for a moment by the sight in the courtyard below. His men's grenades were still booming, and their effect had been awful. They had caught a squad of about 20 men who had evidently mastered to meet the surprise attack. The grenades must have fallen directly among them, for they were now writhing and bleeding all over each other.

Meyers saw in this his first sign of victory, and knew the pole vault and grenades had paid for it all.

Other defenders, now realizing the surprise attack was coming from only one direction, lurched along the wall. Meyers blasted those on the left with a belly-high burst, and they tumbled down among the others already in the courtyard.

His men came up the rope . . . he lost count of who and how many . . . and fired into the group charging from the right. "We'll have them," Meyers shouted to them, "if we just keep shooting."

The garrison had gone crazy. Of the estimated 50, Meyers guessed at least 40 still fought and shouted for help. Others to be dead or wounded. Some wounded unhurt fought too, but nothing was coordinated.

Meyers dropped from the wall into the courtyard, sending a burst here, a single shot there, wherever he saw a target. Bateman and someone else landed beside him, and suddenly so many things seemed happening at once, it was impossible to see any one of them separately.

Corporal Danziger, covered by two men, was tinkering with the combination lock on Mr. No-Name's powder magazine prison. . . .

Private Brewer was shinnying a pole with wirecutters and rubber gloves to snip the leads coming from a telephone junction box. . . .

The half-track armored car he'd heard cranking up earlier was aflame from several grenades, which was good. Someone had started it to power its radio, and he was burning inside it, headsets still on. . . .

A German officer, probably the garrison commander, judging by his captain's insignia, was a mess of cloth and blood across the yard. Beside him, two underofficers lifted their Schmeisser pistols for one last effort, then cursed, and dropped

From the wall, Danneville was shout- them muttering *"Kamaraden"*. . . .
ing for someone to come up, goddammit, and give him something to stop the bullet hole in his leg from bleeding. . . .

The remaining Germans, observing their commander's death, and the officers' hands in the air, threw down their weapons. Firing fizzled by stages: a spattering, a few separate shots, one last pop, then nothing. . . .

And finally, the very thing they had all come for . . . Corporal Danziger and the two covering him were helping Mr. No-Name out of the iron-lined powder magazine into the cold air and sunlight. He shivered and blinked, but held tight to another person Meyers hadn't been told a word about. She was a young very pretty girl who'd been locked in with him, a girl he obviously prized very highly. . . .

Meyers relaxed his hand on his gun

grip. He checked the time again. Three minutes shy of ten a.m.

It was all over. In only one hour and 27 minutes, and with only three casualties, it was over. He was deeply moved by the small price in time and men lost, and felt for the first time in a long time that if a church was handy, he would go inside and give thanks. He felt good.

Then, he stepped among the moaning bodies, and strode toward Mr. No-Name, and extended his hand. "I'm Captain Meyers, U.S. Army," he said. "We've come to take you from the Germans."

"I don't shake with strangers," Mr. No-Name said, frowning at the hand as though it was something green. "And what, just what explanation do you have for taking so unreasonably long to get here?"

The mission wasn't *quite* accomplished. Two things remained to be done.

One: To get Mr. No-Name and his woman out of Villa Schiano. This was accomplished, as Colonel Batchelor had promised, by a helicopter which fluttered through a valley and settled down just before noon. This machine also removed wounded private Danneville. Meyers was glad to see Mr. No-Name go. He was unpleasant. And his girl, it turned out, was more pouty than pretty.

Two: To get the men of "B" Company out. This was accomplished by another cross-mountain hike, to the seacoast. They were hunted all the way by search planes and bird-dog infantry squads called in to hunt the villa raiders. There was only one encounter of note, with a patrol of motorcycle troops, and the Rangers annihilated them.

A submarine took them aboard near the fishing town of Nettuno on February 10.

Back in Calabria, Meyers finally received answers to questions. Who was Mr. No-Name? He was Dr. Bruno Acardi, 38, an expert in the theory of automatic guidance systems, who died only last year in Vienna. German rocket researchers wanted him to design control mechanisms that would endow pin-point accuracy upon a secret long-range explosive weapon they were developing in spring 1944 on Peenemunde, off Denmark. The weapon's name is still familiar. It was the V-1.

The V-1s *were* flown against England, but it will be recalled that they flew blind the damage they did was slight. Their value to German was more terroristic than tactical, and soon even the terror wore off. With a precise guidance system, the V-1 and, later, the more devastating V-2 *could* have become the terrible weapon the Germans had hoped it would be.

One more event ought to be mentioned in connection with the story of the rescue, and it occurred *after* the war. In 1957, Meyers, then (and now) an engineer with a California oil company, received a note post-marked Madrid, Spain. It read:

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give me for waiting so long to do so. Only one other similar mission was performed more daringly: my own kidnapping of Benito Mussolini from the Italians on September 12, 1943."

Signed: Otto Skorzeny Former Lt. Col., and chief of Germany's Special Comando Forces, 1942-45 ■

APACHE KID

(Continued from page 31)

shoulders and the low-bosomed dresses of the three young hustlers. His black-slit eyes burned. He had very high cheekbones, and he wore rat-tail moustaches.

The girls knew the Apache Kid's reputation, and they wondered if he would kill them first or eat them alive.

The Indian agent was speechless with terror, and could only gibber and squirm as the Apache clamped his large hand on the agent's shoulder. By now the other Indians had found the dead sheriff's keys and unlocked all the handcuffs.

Grabbing a rope off a hook on the stagecoach, the Apache Kid bound the agent's wrists behind him, then lashed them to his ankles. He strung a line over the low limb of a saguaro tree and hoisted the agent up in the classic position of an ancient Spanish torture known as the *colgado a boca baja*—hung mouth-downwards. The strain on the agent's arms and legs, and mostly the twisting of his spine in this position, made him whimper like a whipped dog. The Indians laughed, poking at him and twirling him at the end of his rope.

Leaving the man suspended about three feet above the ground, belly downwards for the small desert animals to work at, the Apache Kid went back to the coach and climbed in with the three young women.

Some of the other Indians tried to climb in with him, but he shoved them out again, growling in the Athapascan language: *A chief of the Apache comes first among his braves!*

The other Indians backed away. Standing in the dust, they watched the stagecoach rock as the struggle inside grew violent. The three girls shrieked and cursed. Pieces of feminine garments flew out the coach windows, followed by the young hussies' furious howls. Above all their screaming and swearing, you could hear the ripping of silk and the blood-freezing sound of wild Apache laughter.

The sun was low in the West when the Kid came out of the coach, and he left the three silenced women to his braves while he went to look at the Indian agent, who was still hanging *colgado a boca baja*, nearly out of his mind with agony.

The Apache Kid snatched a knife from the belt of the dead sheriff, walked up to the hanging agent, and dug his fingers into the man's hair. But a wig, not a scalp, came away in his fingers.

The Apache Kid turned the hairpiece over in his hand, and grinned. Then, he slowly drew the scalping knife along the man's belly, opening it wide so that everything inside spilled out onto the hot dust.

The agent's croak of fear turned to piercing pig-squeals. Then the squeals died away.

The Kid called his braves away from their pleasure. They unhitched the teams, mounted double on the four horses, and rode backtrail towards the Gila River. They separated when they reached the Gila Desert.

But the Apache Kid continued upriver towards the Tonto Basin and Pleasant Valley.

When the Indians were gone around the bend, the young women crept out of the stagecoach, bruised and tattered, hair awry and clothes askew. All three were pale and shaken. Averting their eyes from the thing that swung under the saguaro tree, they turned to the dead man on the ground and saw that the Apaches had not stripped the dead of their valuables, but had only taken their weapons and ammunition.

The three women removed rings, watches, and cash from the dead men's pockets. When they came to the stage driver they found him alive. They did not roll him.

On the following morning, November 3, 1889, the Yuma-Phoenix mail coach picked up the women and the wounded man. Within 24 hours the Apache Kid's break was in a special edition of the Phoenix *Gazette*. And then by telegraph the story flashed across Arizona, reaching Pleasant Valley in the Tonto Basin ahead of the Kid.

He rode watchfully, keeping to the arroyos and desert canyons, for a lone Indian, even a half-breed, was a suspicious figure in those parts. Unless an Indian worked for a white man, he was supposed to be on a reservation.

This was no longer Indian country. It was white and had been for more than 25 years, since the terrible Black Flag raid on the Gila Apaches in 1863.

The Apache Kid got his start in life during that raid, which is how he happened to be a half-breed. He was the grandson of Mangus Colorado. His mother was the old chief's daughter, a princess.

But the Apache Kid's father was a redhead, so said the old women of the tribe. The soldier who sired the Kid, was well remembered, as were the other men who raided Mangus Colorado's camp that night.

General Carleton had sent out the historic order to his officers in the field against the Apaches: *All Indian men are to be killed whenever and wherever you can find them. The women and children will not be harmed.* Carleton's cavalry overran the Gila Apache camp during the night, when the Indians were sleeping. Few Indian males escaped the sabers and pistols of the Black Flag raiders. The women and children were then rounded up and herded like cattle to the Bosque Redondo, 500 miles away, over the desert to New Mexico.

Carleton's forces had 100 Ute Indians with them on that bloody raid, the Utes being great Indian fighters as long as the whites paid them well to kill their brother red men. And these Utes, too, like the white raiders, were well remembered by the surviving Apaches.

The Apache Kid was born at the Bosque Redondo, 9 months after that red-haired soldier raped the daughter of Mangus Colorado during the night of the Black Flag raid. The poor squaw died at the Bosque, along with thousands of other Indians, and the Kid was raised by the surviving braves of the Gila Apache nation. In place of mother's milk, the boy was nursed on revenge.

After two years' imprisonment, the tribe escaped and returned to their old home at the headwaters of the Gila River, east

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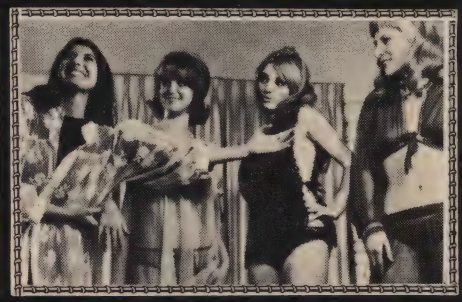

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of the Tonto Basin. There they lived as outlaws terrorizing the surrounding countryside.

The elders taught the kid the pride of revenge. They made him and the other boys memorize the name of every Black Flag raider, both white and Ute.

After a time some of the Gila Apaches were talked into living at the San Carlos Indian Agency. A man named Crossthwaite was Agent, and he was getting rich off the Agency, stealing Government supplies and selling them instead of giving them to the Indians. Many Apaches swore to kill the man, and many tried. Especially the brothers and husbands of the women he abused at the Agency.

Many young bucks who could run away from the Agency did so, and since the Kid had no family, he broke out of San Carlos in 1885.

Cattle rustling was the main outlaw livelihood in the 1880's in eastern Arizona, and the Kid took to that life with the gusto of a desert wolf raiding a flock of sheep. In running gunfights with cowboys and posses of lawmen, he was deadly and could shoot from horseback with the .45 Winchester or his twin Colts, or—for that matter—an Indian bow and arrow. He soon came to be known as the Apache Kid, and his legend began to grow.

Besides rustling cattle the Apache Kid held up stagecoaches, robbed travelers, and raided caravans around the Tonto Basin, and in the course of his raids he came to Pleasant Valley, so named for its peaceful condition before the Graham-Tewksbury range war started up.

The feud between the Grahams and the Tewksburys, the two leading families in Pleasant Valley, was going full blast when the Apache Kid arrived, and he immediately saw how he could use it to his own advantage.

There were four men he had to kill. Under the circumstances it would appear that the Grahams and the Tewksburys had done the killings, and they would blame each other, not suspecting Apache revenge. This thought made the Kid smile, and as he rode under the hot Arizona sun, thinking his thoughts of vengeance, the smile stretched to a grin. The four men he came to kill were two of the Grahams' ranch hands and two men of the Tewksbury outfit.

First he killed the Tewksburys' Indian sheepherder; the Tewksburys figured the Grahams did it, but the Grahams knew they hadn't. Both sides wondered why the hell anyone would want to murder a poor Navajo sheepherder.

The Globe *Silver Belt* of February 12, 1887, added to the mystery by reporting that the dead Navajo sheepherder was really a Ute.

BESIDES THE Apache Kid there were three men in Pleasant Valley who understood why the Ute was killed—and why that Ute had been passing himself off as a Navajo. The three who knew the truth were also, secretly, Utes. They had all lived in fear ever since the night of the Black Flag raid.

These three men were Mort Blevins and Horace Philly, both Graham hands, and George Newton, a Tewksbury ally. What really put the fear of hell into these three

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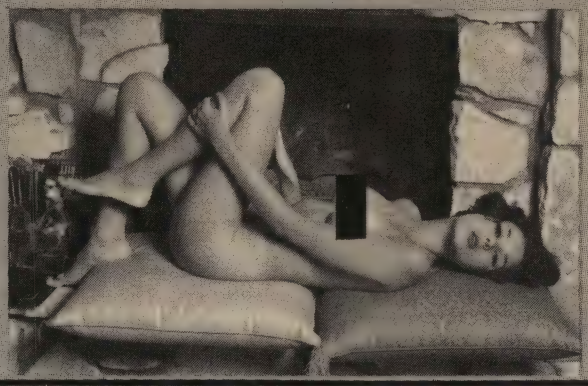

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ex-Black Flag raiders was the *way* the Ute died—flayed alive, the skin stripped off his body in long belts, while his blood slowly leaked his life away and swarms of flies stung his naked nerves. The flayed corpse was found nearly devoured by coyotes, with a few belts of skin still lying about.

Naturally the Tewksburys were furious at the Grahams, thinking they did it, and the feud flared up hotter than before.

Five months later the Apache Kid struck a Graham hand, an old Indian fighter named Mort Blevins. The killing took place in July. The body was found in pieces. Of course the Grahams thought the Tewksburys had done it in revenge for the horrible death of the sheepherder.

When the Apache Kid had tallied two of his four victims in Pleasant Valley, he lay in wait for the others: George Newton and Horace Philly. It took a little time.

With the Ute sheepherder and old Mort Blevins both dead, flayed alive and chopped in pieces, Newton and Philly grew watchful. They seldom went out alone, they never let themselves get drunk, they carried enough guns to fight a platoon, and they even changed the way they looked. It was another two years before the Apache Kid was able to catch one of them alone.

THEN IN September of '91 he got a break. He was riding down to Pinal Creek ford on the Salt River, passing through some tmarisk trees when his pinto mare shied and whuffled softly. The Kid dismounted and walked quietly through the bushes to the edge of the stream.

The crossing ran about belly high on a tall horse. Halfway across there was a horseman. His name was George A. Newton, owner of the Flying V over on Cherry Creek in Pleasant Valley. He was on his way home from Globe. He was a middle-aged man, fat-bellied, wearing a new vest and a new hat.

The vest was heavily padded, adding years to Newton's age but affording a small amount of protection. A full beard disguised his face. But it was the George Newton wanted by the Apache Kid.

The Kid placed a bullet about three feet in front of the horse, and the animal reared at the sound of the shot and the spurting geyser of water. Newton grabbed the saddle horn, not being much of a horseman.

The Kid yelled from his hiding place in the bushes, "Drop guns in water!"

The horse settled down and stood still in mid-stream. Newton squinted at the bush-lined shore, but he could not see the Kid. Slowly he drew his two guns and dropped them into the swift current. Then he saw the Apache Kid step out from the bushes, gun in hand.

He saw death written in the Apache Kid's grim smile and in those gleaming black eyes. He pleaded, "Kid! Don't kill me! Whatever you do, don't kill me, Kid!" He was pale, and his whole body trembled.

The Kid wondered what color Newton's hair was. Besides the 4 Utes, he sought vengeance from the red-haired man who had raped his mother. He put a slug through the fat man's shiny new hat, skimming it off his head and into the river. The man shook like he had the fever. He had fat cheeks, and they quivered like sowbelly.

"You in Black Flag raid, Newton," the Kid said levelly, keeping his gun pointed at the middle of George Newton's new vest, where a fat gold watch bulged from a vest-pocket.

"How come you know about the Black Flag?" Newton demanded.

"You remember sheepherder, couple years back?" the Kid asked slowly in his broken English.

"That Navajo you killed? I remember. You ain't gonna shoot me thataway, are you, Kid?" Newton started to blubber.

"That Indian not Navajo, I kill Ute Indian!" the Kid said. "He was Black Flag raid, too. Utes help you kill Indians."

"If that Indian told you I was there, he lied!" Newton shouted.

The Kid just smiled and shifted the muzzle of his gun.

"Wait up! Wait up!" Newton yelled. "I wasn't the only one. I know others! Let me live, Kid, and I'll tell you the others! How about it, Kid?"

"What color your hair before it turn white?" the Kid asked casually.

"It was sorta brown, Kid, why? You lookin' fer somebody? It ain't me, Kid! You kin see it ain't me!"

Disgust and disappointment crossed the Kid's face. He put a bullet very carefully in Newton's vest pocket where the heavy gold timepiece bulged fatly, so the bullet striking the watch knocked Newton off his horse but didn't kill him. The current of the Salt River carried him thrashing and yelling into the rapids below the ford. The startled horse turned and tried to run downstream, but soon fell in the deep water.

The Apache Kid rolled a cigarette and watched George Newton's head bob up and down in the rapids until it sank for good. Then he spat into the stream and went back to his horse.

He wondered if Newton's hair was really brown before it turned white, or was it red when he made the raid on the Apache camp? To kill white men was good, to kill ex-Black Flag raiders was better, but to kill a certain red-haired man was best of all.

THE KID spurred his horse. The posse would be out looking for him again. He took a long ride into the desert. His grim smile seemed to perk up a bit, and the cruel-looking rat-tail moustaches sort of waved in the desert breeze as he rode along. He felt pretty good. Just one more score to settle in Pleasant Valley. Just one more ex-raider.

Horace Philly fought with General Carleton and took part in the Black Flag raid that got the general in hot water with the Government somewhat later, when there was the investigation. Like most of those raiders, Philly was hard to find when Carleton's hearing came up. He vamoosed, and stayed that way.

He looked like any ordinary rancher, and you would never guess he once took part in a massacre. He had very black hair and pale skin, and he was tall and lanky. He looked about 30, but he was crowding 50, and he had memories enough for a man of 100. He remembered the

wild raid on the Gila Apache camp, it was the hottest raid of the whole Indian campaign. Horses trampling over fallen tepees, sabers slashing at naked bodies, and afterwards the shrieking women, especially the one he caught in the old chief's tent that night . . . She howled and fought like a bobcat, but he had his way with her before he was done.

Remembering now, with George Newton freshly drowned in the Salt River and old Mort Blevins dead these two years, chopped in pieces, and that sneaking Ute sheepherder first of all, skinned alive—Horace Philly was sick with a coward's fear. He knew he was next.

He left Pleasant Valley and hit the trail, living like an animal, hiding in caves around the Tonto Basin, hunting his grub, afraid to show himself around the ranches, afraid to follow any of the roads or main trails . . .

IT WAS late fall when the Apache Kid caught up with Philly in Reno Pass. The Pass was a barren place in those days, nothing but scrub and rattlers, and a little sweetwater creek down at the bottom. The Kid found Philly sleeping by the creek in his bedroll, as relaxed as a baby.

The Apache Kid stood over the sleeping man, looking down at him for a long time. The high moon lit up Horace Pilly's face, and it was the face of a young man grown old, with the hair coal black, not a shred of gray hair above the pale lined forehead and puffy eyes.

The form in the bedroll was long, Philly was a tall man, as tall as the Kid, and as lean when younger.

Cold blue moonlight glittered in the Kid's black eyes, and he drew his knife. Slowly he bent down. Then with two quick moves he grabbed the sleeping man's head of hair and slashed the sharp blade around the scalp line in a single circular cut.

The man thrashed about in his bedroll, screaming insanely, staggering to his feet only to stumble and fall on his face. His head was bleeding heavily where the Kid had flayed the scalp away.

The Kid stood silently watching and smiling, with the still dripping scalp in his left hand. He wiped the knife clean on the black hair of the scalp and shoved the blade in its scabbard.

Philly was groaning and yelling and flopping about like a headless chicken. He threw himself around, blinded by his own blood, going mad.

When he was nothing but a gibbering lunatic, the Kid shot him six times.

Then he went down to the little creek and washed the bloody scalp. Afterwards he would stretch it on a curved twig and hang it from the saddle to dry. When it was cured, he would get berry juices and paint his tribal names on it. But first it must be clean of all blood.

As he washed the trophy in the icy creek, black color ran out of the hair, and the Kid's heart began to pound. He couldn't believe what he saw. Little by little the hair of the scalp got lighter as the black dye left it, and the Kid began to smile. Soon the hair was a deep natural red.

The Apache Kid laughed like a desert wolf under the high bright moon. The grandson of Mangus Colorado, son of an

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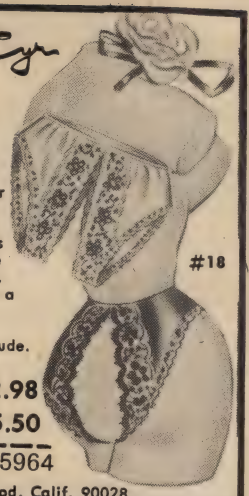

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MAN-EATING LION

(Continued from page 35)

the killer lion had wandered down from the north, where lions were numerous. When it started to stalk our camp by day, we knew it was getting old—no longer able to run down its natural prey. It was the biggest male I have ever seen, and what it lacked in speed it made up in cunning. We knew that unless we killed it, our camp was in constant danger of attack. Day after day we hunted the old killer through the heavily forested country surrounding our camp, but it always got away.

Soon, unless we did something, the boys would start to desert. I didn't know then that I would be the sixth victim.

Our camp was in a small clearing near Lake Nyasa. There was a hut for each of us and a third hut for our stores. The natives were content to sleep at night in crude, brushwood shelters.

The huts were of flimsy construction, made of poles driven into the ground three feet apart, with shaky doors and thin walls of shredded bamboo.

My bed was made of bamboo-netting strung between four bamboo stumps, on which the mattress rested. The bed was opposite the doorway, close to the wall. The only other furniture: two folding chairs and some empty boxes.

On the night the lion got me, Dan and I had sat for a long time around the camp fire, discussing the problem. Within a week, we'd be moving to a new camp twenty-five miles away. If we failed to get the lion before then, we'd be sure to get rid of him afterwards. He was unlikely to follow us over so great a distance. Then we went to bed, keeping our rifles handy.

Taking off some of my clothes, I leaned my rifle against a box close to the door, turned out the lamp and climbed into bed.

For a time I lay under the mosquito net, listening to the eerie cries of the hyenas. Eventually, I dropped off to sleep.

It was sometime after two o'clock when I woke up. The bed was rocking and, still dazed with sleep, I thought I was shaking with fever.

Then I detected lion odor, a sharp, penetrating tang which caused the sweat to burst out of every pore in my body. My scalp prickled with horror. *The man-eater was in the hut, under my bed.*

I opened my mouth to shout for help, but no sound came out. I realized that my only hope lay in remaining silent and still. The least sound or movement could mean death. Clenching my teeth tightly to keep them from chattering—giving away my position—I forced myself to keep still.

My bed had stopped rocking. The lion was out from under it. It had my scent all right, and was sniffing its way along the edge of the bed, baffled and irritated by the mosquito curtains.

For a moment, I thought of making a dash for my rifle but it was out of reach. To make a leap for it would be useless. The lion would be on me before I could even turn the weapon.

Not knowing what to do I buried

my head under the bedclothes and pulled the pillows over me as well. This probably saved my face, but otherwise it was a useless tactic.

Savage teeth sank into my shoulder and I was dragged out on to the floor, tangled with the bedding. I felt no pain, but was aware of blood streaming from my neck and shoulder, and of the satisfied grunts of the lion as it lapped it up.

DEATH was crouched over me, and I was helpless. *Make some effort, make some effort;* some inner voice demanded. I made it by trying to get up on one knee. The lion whipped out a claw and exposed the bone of my left leg. As if angered by my action, the lion thrust a crushing paw on my chest and gave out with several deafening roars. The camp exploded with screams and shouts. There were the sounds of a human stampede as the natives leaped for trees and climbed to safety.

Dan, with hell filling the night around him, snatched up his rifle and started for my hut. But there was no moon—the trees cut out even the starlight—and he was forced to grope in darkness.

"Pete!" he called hoarsely.

He was at the doorway of my hut, but shock had robbed me of the power to utter a sound. Consciousness had narrowed to one terrifying reality—the horrible lapping sounds as the brute sucked away my blood.

Dan's shout caused the lion to stop feasting. Sinking its teeth deep into my right groin, it leaped out of the hut into the blackness, half dragging, half carrying my body. Dan staggered back as the lion brushed against him.

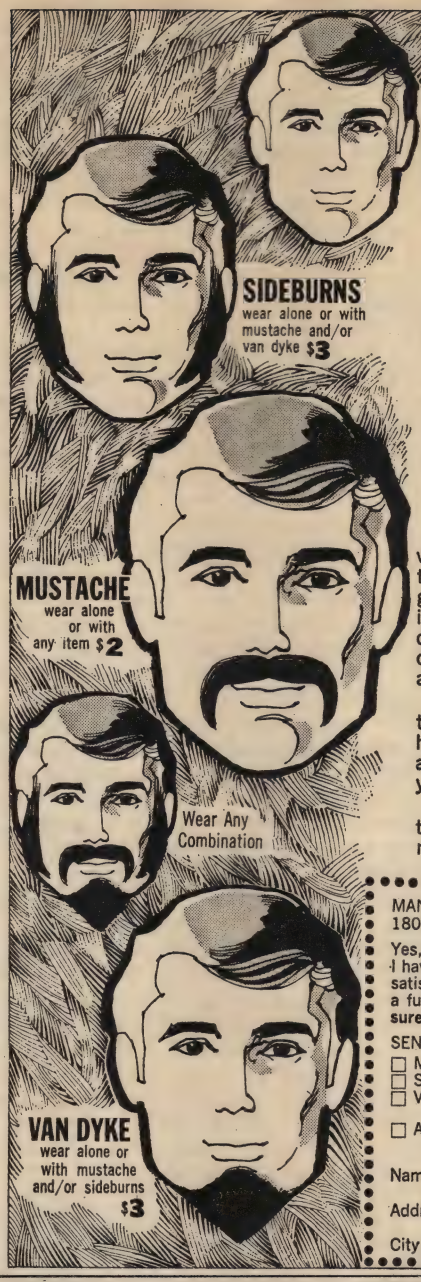
I was being carried away into the night. Behind me, Dan was groping his way into the hut and lighting the lamp with shaking fingers. The blood-stained bedclothes and the splattered floor told him that I was already horribly mauled.

He called out to the natives to make torches and join him, but they were too terrified to obey. Only two had the nerve to leave the safety of the trees, to tear up handfuls of grass and make torches.

As if I weighed nothing, the lion was carrying me away, without even pausing in its blood banquet. When the flesh became dry in one place, he dropped me to the ground, bit me savagely in another and started his ghoulish lapping once again.

How I stayed conscious is a mystery to me. Perhaps my nerves were too paralyzed to operate, my mind too numbed to grasp what was happening. The brute reacted to the slightest movement. I moved an arm. Snarling savagely, he sank his teeth into it. When reflex action caused my leg to jerk, bare claws slashed it to ribbons.

Reaching the base of a huge baobab tree, the cat dropped me on to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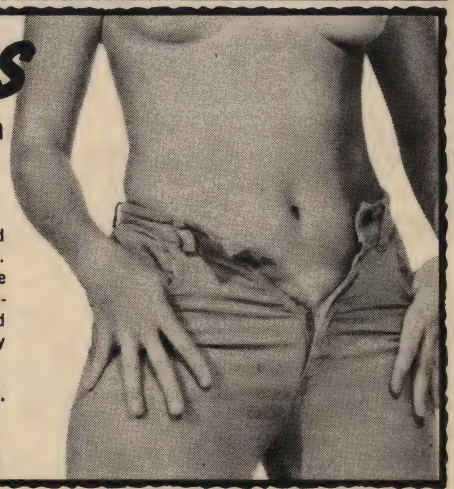

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my back. Foggily I realized that death was near. Yet I felt no terror, no sense of anticipation—nothing. All I could feel was an awareness of the lion glaring down at me with death glittering in its greenish-yellow eyes. I waited for the end. It didn't come. For the moment the man-eater was satisfied with its feast of blood. My body was being reserved for more leisurely enjoyment. Death would come when it got hungry again.

No hope of rescue lingered in me, no hope of anything. I was at the mercy of the killer. I had seen lions kill native cattle by crushing their heads down between their forelegs, breaking their necks. One savage tap on the head with a forepaw was all that was needed to kill me.

Right now this lion was not after my life, nor even my flesh. It was content with my blood, and once again it resumed biting and lapping the blood from the wounds.

The long, rough tongue scraped up my thighs and stomach, and as the great head neared my face the cat's loathsome breath reached me in sickening gusts. The tongue continued to lick steadily, nearer and nearer my throat. Instinct caused me to fling up my arms to protect my head. With an angry grunt, the lion bit off three fingers from my right hand. My arm was right in his mouth, but instead of biting it off, he contented himself with sucking blood from my mutilated hand.

But the flow there was too slight to satisfy him and he bit me in the thigh—lapping and sucking at the blood which gushed from the wound. My nerves were still too shocked to feel any pain, even when the fangs sank into my flesh.

UNKNOWN to me, Dan, helped by two boys with torches, was making frantic effort to find me. The other boys, clinging to the safety of the trees kept screaming in a crazy chorus, "Nykanga! Nykanga!"

Dan, who couldn't find me between the darkness and the noise, cursed them into silence. Only then did he hear the sounds which told him where the lion was. The sounds were those made by the brute as it sucked my blood. Guided by this, Dan moved forward warily, rifle at the ready, with the two nervous torch bearers on either side of him. Then, in the flickering torchlight, they saw the lion vaguely outlined as it crouched over me.

The two boys wavered—eyes wide with terror—and they were half-turned to flee.

"Stay!" Dan ordered. "If you leave my side, the lion will overtake you."

After a moment of hesitation, the boys moved closer to him.

"Keep right beside me," Dan told them.

He began to inch toward the lion. As he came nearer the big cat stopped feasting and lifted its head with a warning growl. Dan continued to close the distance, until only ten paces separated him from the killer. Dropping to one knee, he took aim and fired. I both felt and heard the impact of the heavy bullet as it buried itself in the lion. But the wound wasn't fatal, and all the brute did was to back up a few paces.

With shaking fingers, Dan tried to lever another cartridge into the breech of his rifle, but his anxiety caused the worn mechanism to jam. Without the least hesitation, he upended the rifle and waded in to the attack. Dodging a viciously slashing forepaw, he smashed the butt of the gun down on the man's eater's head. The butt flew away into the darkness and the lion let out a roar that made the ground tremble. But nothing could stop Dan. He grabbed the torch from one of the boys, and stabbed it at the face of the lion.

"Run!" he panted to the boy. "Run like hell, and get my other rifle from the hut."

The boy turned and sped away. Wielding the torch like a sword, Dan stabbed and plunged at the lion. He swung the torch wildly, causing it to burn fiercely. Sweat was pouring off him, but the lion was not retreating. Instead, it kept lashing out savagely, and its roars of anger rocked through my head like nearby thunder.

But Dan wouldn't yield an inch of ground, and I have never seen anything that called for more courage. We were both dead if the native failed to return with the rifle. Then the sound of feet crashing through the long grass announced the boy's return.

"Keep waving the torches at him!" Dan ordered the boys.

While the boys swung the torches, Dan pushed the rifle right at the head of the lion. There was a sharp explosion and a bullet crashed into the man-eater's brain. It gave a coughing grunt and collapsed.

The natives poured from the trees. Dan was rattling off a string of orders. Some of the boys carried me to my hut; others were getting ready first aid equipment.

Dan counted no less than twenty wounds, ranging from slight to savage. And, suddenly, I was aware of pain – agonizingly aware of pain. Pain – hideous and unbearable – swept over me. I started to cry out in my agony. Dan dosed me with brandy and morphine, and dressed my wounds as best he could. Soon the boys were carrying me on a litter to the hospital.

Months followed, weeks of pain—operations, blood transfusions and treatment. The surgeons did their best. They had very little to work with. Because I was once carried away and mauled by a killer-lion I'll never walk again without the aid of crutches. ■

Give Me One Evening And I'll Give You A Push-Button Memory

Yes! Here at last is your chance to gain the *super-powered, file-cabinet memory you've always dreamed about*... so easily and so quickly that you'll be astounded ... AND ACTUALLY DO IT WITHOUT RISKING A PENNY!

Let me explain! I don't care how poor you may *think* your memory is now! I believe that you have a memory 10 TO 20 TIMES MORE POWERFUL THAN YOU REALIZE TODAY! I believe that your memory is working at a tiny fraction of its true power today—*because you simply don't know the right way to feed it facts!* Because you don't know the right way to take names and faces and anything else you want to remember—*and burn them into your memory so vividly that you can never forget them!*

Yes! Remembering is a trick! Powerful memories can be made to order—you don't have to be born with them! The secret of a super-powered, hair-trigger memory is as simple as tying your shoelace! I can teach it to you in a single evening! *And I'm willing to prove it to you without your risking a penny!* Here's how!

Would You Invest Three Hours of Your Time to Transform Your Memory?

All I ask from you is this. Let me send you—at my risk—one of the most fascinating books you have ever read. When this book arrives, set aside only one evening. Give this book your uninterrupted attention. *And then get ready for one of the most thrilling accomplishments of your entire life!*

Take this book and turn to page 39. Read eight short pages—no more! And then, put down the book. Review in your own mind the one simple secret I've shown you. *And then—get ready to test your new, AUTOMATIC memory!*

What you are going to do, in that very first evening, is this! without referring to the book, you are going to sit down, and you are going to write—not five, not ten, but TWENTY important facts that you have never been able to memorize before! If you are a business man, they may be customers' orders that you have received . . . if you are a salesman, they may be twenty different products in your line . . . if you are a student, they may be the twenty parts of your homework . . . if you are a housewife, they may be important appointments that you have to keep tomorrow!

In any case, you are simply going to glance over that list again for a few moments. *You are going to perform a simple mental trick on each one of these facts—that will burn that fact into your mind, permanently and automatically!* And then you are going to put that list away. You're going to bed without thinking of it again.

And the next morning, you are going to amaze your family and friends! When you go down to business, you'll attend to every one of those orders—*automatically*—without referring to your memo pad! For perhaps the first time in your life, you'll be able to *plan ahead your entire day*—automatically, in your own mind—without being a slave to reminders, or notes, or other "paper crutches!"

Yes! And you'll amaze your friends by remembering every product in your line—backwards and forwards—in the exact order that you memorized them! You'll keep every single appointment on time—*because one appointment will automatically flash into your mind after another—at the precise moment you need them—exactly as though you pushed a mental button!*

All this—in a single evening! Here is a gift that will pay you dividends for as long as you live! *A simple trick . . . a simple secret of burning facts into your memory that may change your entire life!*

Suddenly, Whole New Worlds of Self-Confidence Open Up for You!

But this is just the beginning of the "miracles" you can perform with your memory! This secret is just one of the over 50 MEMORY INTENSIFIERS contained in this book! You have seen men and women use these exact same methods on television to astound you! *But you never knew how incredibly simple they were—once you learned the inside secret!*

For instance—REMEMBERING NAMES AND FACES! How many times have you been embarrassed, because you couldn't remember the name of the person you were talking to . . . or introduce him to a friend! *In as little as one short week after you receive this book,* how would you like to walk into a room full of TWENTY new people . . . meet each one of them only once . . . *and then remember the names—automatically—for as long as you live!*

Yes! These names and faces are filed in the storehouse of your memory—permanently! Whenever you meet these people on the street . . . whenever you bump into them at the club . . . whenever they drop in unexpectedly at a friend's house—*the instant you see their face, their name pops into your mind automatically!* There is no hesitation, no embarrassment! *By the time you can reach out to shake their hands, your memory has delivered all the important facts you need to please them!*

Think of the advantage in business—when you can call every customer by his first name—and then ask for his wife and children, instantly, by *their* names! Think of the impression you'll make when you ask him about the state of his business, about his hobbies, when you even repeat—almost word for word—the last conversation you had with him! Think of becoming a celebrity at your club—as the member who "knows everyone" . . . who can be depended upon to avoid mistakes, to win new friends for the organization, to get things done!

But this is still just the beginning! This book teaches you to *remember exactly what you hear and read!* It gives you the confidence you need to make an important point at a business conference . . . to back up your opinion in discussions . . . become a *leader* in conversation, with dozens of interesting facts at your fingertips!

This book teaches you how to memorize a speech, or a sales presentation—in minutes! It teaches you how to remember every card played when you relax at night! It can improve your gin, or poker, or bridge game by 100% in a single week!

MEET HARRY LORAYNE "The human being with the most phenomenal memory in the world!" Harry Lorayne has lectured in front of thousands of Americans! Rotarians, Elks, Masons, Chamber of Commerce groups have all called on this amazing man to prove the business and social power of a strong, reliable memory! Lorayne's memory is so strong that he can remember the names, faces, addresses and occupations of over 700 different people in a single evening—after meeting each one of them only once!

And yet, a few short years ago, this man's memory was no better than yours! This man trained his own memory—he built the most fabulous memory in the world from scratch! And now he gives you the very same secrets he discovered and perfected himself! Memory Builders that work overnight! Secrets that can change your entire life in a single week—OR EVERY CENT OF YOUR MONEY BACK!

Read the thrilling details on this page! Try them—ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK!

This book shows you how to improve the depth and force and power of your mind! It shows you how to double your vocabulary . . . learn dozens of ways to burn new words into your memory . . . learn their meanings without looking them up . . . repeat entire phrases, sentences, paragraphs from the great writers! You'll be able to learn a foreign language almost overnight—at least three to four times as quickly and easily as you could without this system! You'll be able to hear a joke, story or anecdote only once, and then repeat it in the same hilarious way!

Yes! And most important of all, this book will show you how to *professionally organize your mind*—do what you have to do in *half* the time! You'll remember dates, addresses, appointments—automatically! You'll carry dozens of telephone numbers in the file-cabinet of your mind! You'll stop going back over work two or three times because you'd forgotten something! *Let me send you this book—and prove these facts in one short evening—OR IT DOESN'T COST YOU A PENNY!*

Try It Entirely at My Risk!

The name of this book is HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER-POWER MEMORY! I believe that this book is revolutionary—because it proves, once and for all, that memory improvement *can* be fun . . . it *can* be exciting . . . it *can* be passed from one person to another—automatically!

This book is a word-for-word copy of my regular mail-order course, which I sell for $25. However, the book costs you only $5.98! *And I want you to try this book—in your own home—entirely at my risk!* Here's how!

First, try for yourself the experiment I have described in this article! *See for yourself the almost-unbelievable results in the very first evening alone!* And then, continue to use the book for an additional week! In this very first week alone, if this amazing book doesn't do everything I say . . . if it doesn't give you a file-cabinet memory—no matter what your age—no matter how poor you may think your memory is today—*then simply return the book for every cent of your money back!*

You have nothing to lose! Act TODAY!

EVEN THE EXPERTS CHEER!

From the top newspapers in America! Enthusiastic raves of Harry Lorayne's new automatic memory improver! Read what top, hardboiled critics say about this man—and his wonderful method.

Robert Coleman, New York Mirror, . . . a swell party . . . The stellar entertainer was Harry Lorayne, billed as "The man who has the most phenomenal memory in the world." After watching Harry at work, we were inclined to agree with that statement!

Ruth Ruzzie, WNNT, Virginia . . . this book is fascinating reading . . . Harry Lorayne states this emphatically . . . THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A POOR MEMORY . . . ONLY A TRAINED OR UNTRAINED MEMORY. He shows in this fascinating book how to easily train your own memory to retain facts . . . figures . . . places . . . people and whatever you wish to remember . . . how to quickly memorize speeches or facts that you wish to remember for future use . . . I found HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER-POWER MEMORY an experience in reading.

Ed Galing, Pennsylvania Intelligencer, . . . Have you ever wished you had a better memory? That you could remember names, places, things? Well, Sir, a new book just out is guaranteed to improve your memory and you will be able to amaze your friends with your feats of memory . . . "HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER-POWER MEMORY," by Harry Lorayne. The author can call more than 700 persons by their first name after meeting them for the first time . . . The book contains the secret on how to be a good rememberer . . . If you're having trouble remembering a phone number or an anniversary give this book a try. It could make you happy, successful, rich.

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

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Gentlemen: Yes, I want to try a copy of Harry Lorayne's amazing new book HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER-POWER MEMORY—entirely at your risk. I Enclose $ 5.98, including Postage & Handling Charges. I will use this book for a full ten days at your risk. If I am not completely delighted . . . if this book does not do everything you say, I will simply return it for every cent of my money back.

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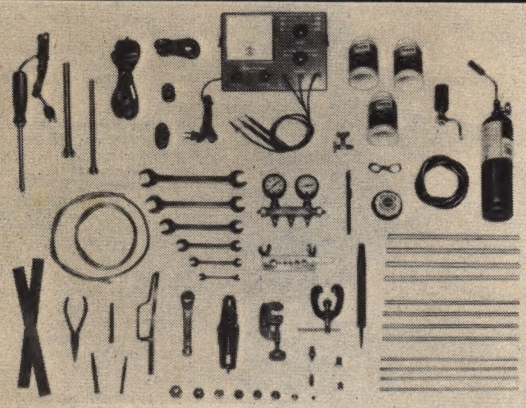

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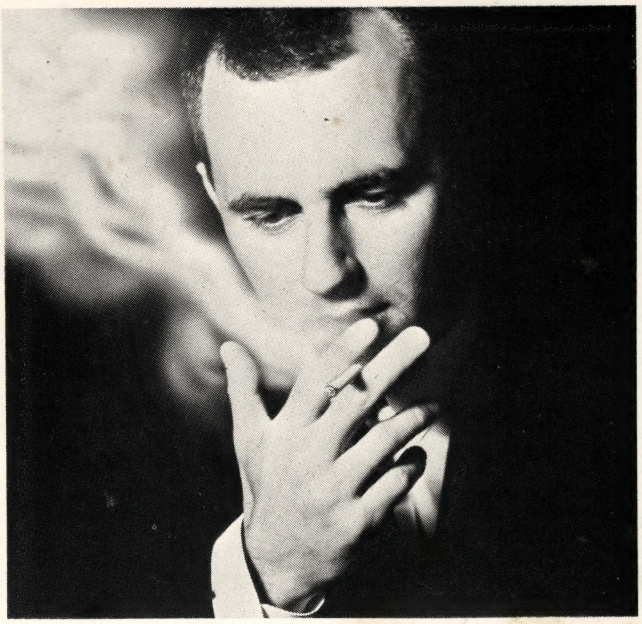
STOP SMOKING FOREVER

Over and over again we hear that tobacco is the cause of 98% of all lung cancer cases. Recent studies show that one out of every four smokers is a potential victim of this dread disease. Yes, tobacco is the most deadly poison developed by our civilization. Aside from lung cancer, cigarettes are the cause of other extremely serious diseases.



There is one chance in 4 that a heavy smoker may be stricken one day by lung cancer.

Tobacco smoke is composed of 84 substances, 5 of which are carcinogenic (cancer causing) and 30 are toxic (poisonous). Every time you draw on a cigarette, cigar or pipe, you are exposed to at least 44 different chemicals and poisons, 23 among the most deadly are: lutidin, rubidin, carbolic acid, formaldehyde, methalymine, acreilin, collidine, viridin, arsenic, formic acid, nicotine, hydrogene, sulphide, pyrrol, furfuroi, benzpyrene, methyl alcohol, prussic acid, corodin, ammonia, methane, carbon monoxide, pyridin. Quite a lungful of deadly poison for just one puff of smoke!

In a recent survey conducted by a leading American Doctor the incidence of coronary diseases (infarction, angina pectorus, etc.) has been found to be 68% higher in smokers than in non-smokers.

So, if you want to stay healthy, you've got to stop smoking. But, be careful! Don't stop smoking all at once. That could be dangerous.

Now, where's this advice coming from? Some cigarette or pipe tobacco advertiser trying to make the best of a bad situation? Of course not!

This is the advice of the Anti-Tobacco Center of America, an organization designed especially to help you rid yourself of your addiction to tobacco.

OBESITY LURKS JUST AROUND THE CORNER

Well, our experience has shown that a "confirmed" or "heavy" smoker should not stop smoking all at once, as this will seriously endanger his health and well being.

For years your body has been accustomed to its regular daily intake of toxic substances such as nicotine, tars, etc., and by now it is adjusted to that situation. Cutting tobacco out overnight will result in a shock to your physiological system accompanied nearly always by psychic disturbances. Which results in an imbalance of the sympatheic nervous system.

The digestive system becomes disturbed; the central nervous system becomes up-set; you become "bad-tempered", you can't be bothered by friends, spouse, children, etc., as the least little irritation will make you fly off the handle.

Life becomes hell for you and everybody around you.

But, that's not all; it has been effectively proven that anyone who attempts to stop smoking by sheer will power alone, will suffer terrible feelings of frustration.

A VICE THAT CAN KILL

In order to compensate, he begins to eat and eat and eat. This is why so many former smokers put on excess weight and become fat. Stopping smoking all at once has been the cause of many severe cases of obesity.

So, giving up smoking, by yourself, is not the real solution, as it might endanger your health.

Then, how should you stop smoking?

Well, this is what the Anti-Tobacco Center of America is going to teach you.

Just clip and mail the coupon below to receive full information on a program which will help to rid you of your need to smoke. You'll be amazed to learn that you can stop smoking without any danger and without straining your will power; after only a few days the desire to smoke will vanish.

Just think how much happier you will be!

This is the experience of an ex-smoker we all know: MAURICE CHEVALIER "I was sunk in a vice which had left life no meaning at all. I was chronically dominated by a mountain of cigarettes, which like a growing invasion of grasshoppers succeeded in ruining my nerves. I stopped smoking twelve years ago. (Chevalier wrote this in 1950) And it is since this fortunate decision that my mental activities, my intelligence, my memory developed so much, that I — who had lost all interest in life — could escape that growing scepticism and rediscover interest in what happened around me. *I was able again to read and . . . to remember what I had read!"*

Among the 28,683 former smokers helped by the Anti-Tobacco Center, we give you the testimony of some doctors. We have chosen this profession intentionally, because doctors know the harm that tobacco causes. They are able to appreciate the results of our program.

IF YOU STOP SMOKING YOU WILL:

- Digest your food better
- Sleep better
- Combat fatigue
- Diminish the chance of cancer
- Be in good humor
- Keep your good eyesight
- Remain calm
- Have a good memory
- Get back your muscle tone
- Drink less alcohol
- Have clean breath
- Grow old less quickly
- Find a revival of your virility
- Save money

WHAT DOCTORS SAY!

Dr. A. C. "The efficacy of your product surprised everybody. I stopped smoking in ten days exactly. Thank you sincerely."

Dr. J. T. "I have used a supply of your product . . . I was informed of its composition by a friend, Dr. C., who was, truthfully speaking, rather sceptical. But after having used it, I do not smoke any longer and have no desire whatsoever to start again. The result is absolutely clear, without a shadow of a doubt, and I feel it my duty to tell you so."

Dr. E. C. "Since January 23, 1962, I no longer smoke. I have already given the "tip" to several of my friends and patients."

Dr. P. G. "I am happy that I do not smoke any more, this of course being due to the use of your product. All my thanks."

Dr. L. D. "The result was rapid. I think that anybody who wishes to stop smoking can do so."

(Since European law forbids all publicity for doctors, we can only publish their initials.)

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For the free booklet on how to stop smoking forever without risk and without straining your will power, just mail the coupon below to:

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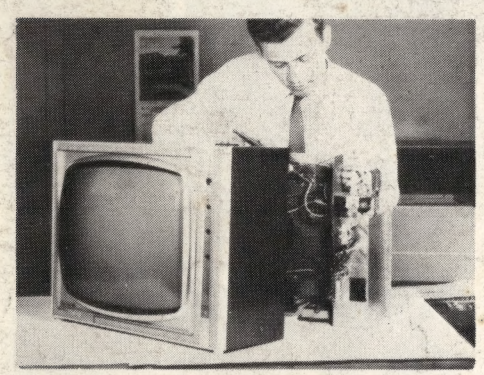

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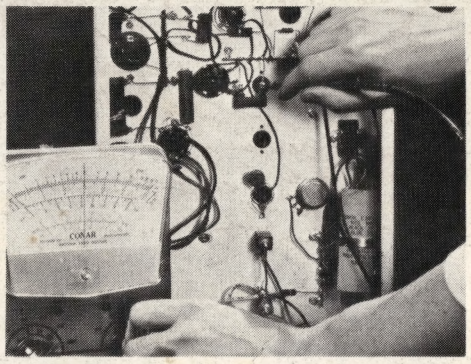

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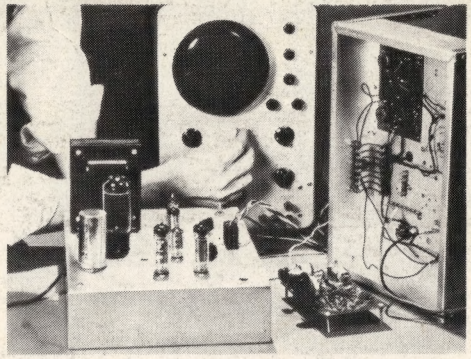

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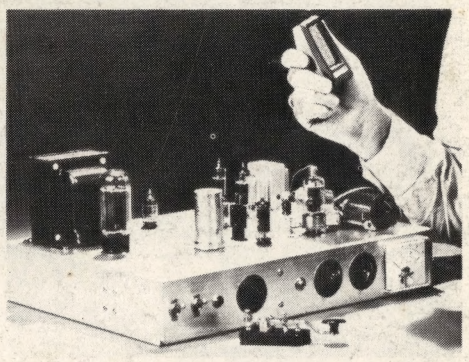

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H. C. ROBERTSON, Oroville, Calif., thinks NRI is just "tops." He has his own service shop, employs two men full-time, two part-time.

R. L. WOOD, Fargo, N.D., got his FCC License as part of his NRI training and is Master Control Engineer with KXIB-TV.

A. R. TOWNSEND, Topeka, Kan., is a missile officer at Atlas ICBM site; fixes radio and TV sets spare time.

Approved Under NEW GI BILL

If you served since January 31, 1955, or are in service, check GI line in coupon.